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THE BLODGETT READERS BY GRADES

BOOK SIX

BY

FRANCES E. BLODGETT

AND

ANDREW B. BLODGETT

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, SYRACUSE, N.Y.



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PREFACE

In the study of every art there must be a certain familiarity with the products of genius before any attempt at classification is possible. This is as true of literature as it is of music and painting. At first the pupil has no more curiosity as to the authors represented in his reading book than he has concerning the musicians whose songs he sings, or the painters and sculptors whose work adorns his schoolroom.

His teachers know, however, that in order to lay claim to any degree of general culture he will need to become acquainted with the names and characteristics of the master workmen in literature. When he applies for admission to one of the higher institutions of learning, he will assuredly discover that, whatever his special interests are, he will be expected to possess a definite amount of this purely literary information. It is true that it may be acquired in the secondary schools, but only at a sacrifice of time which is needed for other work. Much of this knowledge may be assimilated quite as easily in the lower grades, with a corresponding impetus toward later achievement and enjoyment.

A glance at the list of authors represented in this and the succeeding volume will show scarcely a name that is outside the demands of literary culture. Yet experience has already made it clear that the selections are wholly within the grasp of pupils of the sixth and seventh grades. Most of the material is in narrative form, and all of it, it is hoped, will stand the test of schoolroom requirements.

The selections from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Burroughs, Margaret Deland, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sarah Orne Jewett, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Henry D. Thoreau, and John

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THE AUTHORS

FUNDAMENTALS OF READING

There are two phases to be considered in oral reading: first, the mechanical phase, which consists of correct pronunciation and clear enunciation, and second, the artistic or interpretative side of such reading.

In the first place it must be insisted upon that the reader shall speak slowly, clearly, and distinctly, giving each vowel and consonant its correct value.

Careful attention to these details, together with continued practice, will soon develop good pronunciation. Then the child is ready for the second phase, the proper interpretation, which means something more than merely saying words. It means the bringing out of the real meaning behind the printed words.

The image, the idea, or the emotion contained in the sentence to be read must be absorbed and fully measured by the reader before it can be given orally for the entertainment or instruction of those who hear.

For the benefit of teachers it is well to consider briefly a few of the technical principles to be relied upon in teaching reading.

Emphasis may be defined as the particular stress of voice placed upon one or more of the words of a sentence, and is the main principle used to bring out the proper expression in oral reading; but to secure this no formal rule can be given. It must come from the effort of the reader to make the meaning clear to his hearers. For example, the first sentence in this book (page 1) will be read correctly thus: The *bishop of D*— was a man of such *saintly life* and *self-sacrificing charity* that he became known as *Monseigneur Bienvenu*, or *Welcome*.

Inflection is the upward or downward slide of the voice. It is of two kinds, rising and falling. These may be illustrated by

carrying the hand through the air as the words are spoken, or by writing sentences on the blackboard in a form that will indicate the inflection, as follows: *Did you see a boy pass this way?* *Yes, he went down this street.* If insufficient attention is

given to the matter of inflection, the voice becomes monotonous and oral reading exceedingly tiresome. An exaggerated inflection, on the other hand, tends to artificiality and affectation. Great pains should be taken to secure natural expression.

Accent means the special stress given to a certain syllable of a word, as *pres'ent*, *pre sent'*, *pres en ta'tion*.

Quality has to do with the kind of tone used in speaking or reading. The three principal tones used are *pure*, *orotund*, and *aspirated*. Others sometimes mentioned are the **guttural**, a deep throat tone, and the **tremor**, a tremulous quality of the voice. **Pure tone** is used in ordinary conversation and is clear and smooth. The **orotund** is a magnified or intensified pure tone. It is used to bring out some special oratorical effect, or in reading verse of great dignity and majesty. The **aspirated** is a forcible whisper expressing fear, horror, or wonder.

Force is the degree of loudness used in reading; the voice is *loud*, *moderate*, or *gentle*, according to the requirements of the selection to be read.

Pitch means the general tone of the voice in reading; it is *medium*, *high*, or *low* as the selection may demand. (Distinguish between *pitch* and *tone*.)

Rate refers to the rapidity of speech in oral reading, and is *moderate*, *rapid*, or *slow* as the selection may demand.

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THE BLODGETT READERS BY GRADES

BOOK SIX

THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT—I

VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885) was the foremost French author of the nineteenth century. *Les Misérables* (lă mĕ zĕ ră'bl) (The Outcasts), from which the following pages are taken, was his masterpiece. Its purpose was to awaken society to the startling flaws in its own structure.

NOTE. The central figure of the book is Jean Valjean (zhăn val zhăn'), a dull, good-natured French peasant. After the death of his parents he lived with his widowed sister and aided in the support of her seven little children. In 1795 there came a very severe winter; and, unable to find work, Jean stole a loaf of bread to save the family from starving. For this he was sentenced to five years of hard labor in the galleys. Four attempts to escape added fourteen years to his term of imprisonment, and when, at last, he was released, he was a man who had lost all hope. His meeting with the good bishop reveals to him a new world. 5 10

The bishop of D—— was a man of such saintly life and self-sacrificing charity that he became known as Monseigneur Bienvenu, or Welcome. He gave up his palace that it might serve as a hospital, taking for himself and his sister, Mademoiselle Baptistine, with their one servant, Madame Magloire, the small and poorly furnished quarters formerly occupied by the hospital. Here he devoted 20

himself to good works, ministering to the poor, to the suffering, and even to condemned prisoners. The door of his house was never locked, and whoever needed a friend found one here.

5 One evening in October the bishop, after his walk through the town, remained shut up rather late in his room. At eight o'clock he was still at work, writing, when Madame Magloire entered, as usual, to get the silverware from the cupboard near his bed. A moment later the
10 bishop, knowing that the table was set and that his sister was probably waiting for him, shut his book, rose from his table, and entered the dining room.

Madame Magloire was just putting the last touches to the table, and as she did so she was talking with Made-
15 moiselle Baptistine upon a subject which was familiar to her and to which the bishop was also accustomed. The question concerned the lock upon the front door.

✕ It seems that while buying some provisions for supper Madame Magloire had heard things in divers places.
20 People had spoken of a prowler of evil appearance; a suspicious vagabond had arrived, who must be somewhere about the town, and those who should take it into their heads to return home late that night might be subjected to unpleasant encounters. As the police force was very
25 badly organized, it behooved wise people to play the part of police themselves, — to duly close, bar, and barricade their houses and to fasten the doors well.

Madame Magloire emphasized these last words ; but the bishop, who had just come from his room where it was rather cold, seated himself in front of the fire and fell to thinking of other things. He did not take up the remark dropped with design by Madame Magloire, and she repeated it. Then Mademoiselle Baptistine, desirous of satisfying Madame Magloire without displeasing her brother, ventured to say timidly, "Did you hear what Madame Magloire is saying, brother?"

"I have heard something of it in a vague way," replied the bishop. Then, half turning in his chair, placing his hands on his knees, and raising toward the old servant woman his cordial, good-humored face, he said: "Come, what is the matter? What is the matter? Are we in any great danger?"

Whereupon Madame Magloire began the whole story afresh. It appeared that a barefooted vagabond, a sort of dangerous beggar or gypsy, was at that moment in the town. He had presented himself at the inn to obtain lodging, but the landlord had not been willing to receive him. He had been seen to roam about the streets in the gloaming, — a gallows bird with a terrible face.

"Really?" said the bishop.

This willingness to ask questions encouraged Madame Magloire. It seemed to her to indicate that the bishop was on the point of becoming alarmed. "Yes, Monseigneur," she pursued triumphantly. "There will be some

sort of catastrophe in this town to-night. Every one says so. And besides, the police is so badly regulated. The idea of living in a mountainous country, and not even having lights in the streets at night ! And I say, Monseigneur, that this house is not safe at all ; that if Monseigneur will permit, I will go and tell the locksmith to come and replace the ancient locks on the doors, for there is nothing more terrible than a door with a latch on the outside, which can be opened by the first passer-by. We need bolts, Monseigneur, if only for this night ; moreover — ”

At that moment there came a tolerably violent knock on the door.

“ Come in,” said the bishop. The door opened wide with a rapid movement, as if some one had given it an energetic and resolute push.

A man entered, advanced a step, and halted, leaving the door open behind him. He was a man in the prime of life, of medium stature, thickset and robust, with a shaved head and a long beard. A cap with a drooping leather visor partly concealed his face, which was burned and tanned by sun and wind. He wore a shirt of coarse yellow linen, a cravat twisted into a string, trousers of blue drilling, and an old gray tattered blouse, patched on one of the elbows with a bit of green cloth sewed on with twine. He carried on his back a tightly packed knapsack, well buckled and perfectly new, and an enormous knotty stick in his hand.

Madame Magloire had not even the strength to utter a cry. She trembled, and stood with her mouth wide open.

Mademoiselle Baptistine turned round, saw the man enter, and half started up in terror; then turning her head by degrees toward the fireplace, she began to observe 5 her brother, and her face became once more calm and serene.

The bishop fixed his tranquil eye on the man.

As he opened his mouth, doubtless to ask the new-comer what he wanted, the man rested both hands on his 10 staff, directed his gaze in turn at the old man and the two women, and without waiting for the bishop to speak, said in a loud voice: "See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict from the galleys. I have passed nineteen years there. I was liberated four days ago, and am on my 15 way to Pontarlier, which is my destination. I have been walking for four days since I left Toulon. I have traveled a dozen leagues to-day on foot. This evening, when I arrived in these parts, I went to an inn, and they turned me out because of my yellow passport, which I had shown 20 at the townhall as was necessary. I went to another inn. They said to me, 'Be off,' at both places. No one would take me. I went to the prison; the jailer would not admit me. I went into a dog's kennel; the dog bit me and chased me off, as if he had been a man. One would 25 have said that he knew who I was. I went into the fields, intending to sleep in the open air beneath the stars.

There were no stars. I thought that it was going to rain, and I came back to the town to seek the shelter of some doorway. Yonder, in the square, I lay down to sleep on a stone bench. A good woman pointed out your house to
 5 me and said to me, 'Knock there!' I have knocked. What is this place? Do you keep an inn? I have money, my savings — one hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous, which I earned in the galleys by my labor, in the course of nineteen years. I will pay anything you ask. I
 10 am weary and very hungry. Are you willing that I should stay?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will set another place."

The man advanced three paces and approached the
 15 lamp which was on the table. "Stop," he resumed, as if he had not quite understood. "Did you hear? I am a galley slave, a convict. I come from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded. "Here's my passport, — yellow, as you see.
 20 This serves to expel me from every place where I go. Will you read it? I know how to read. I learned in the galleys. There is a school there for those who wish to learn. This is what they have put on this passport: 'Jean Valjean, discharged convict, native of' — that is
 25 nothing to you — 'has been nineteen years in the galleys; five years for housebreaking and burglary; fourteen years for having attempted to escape on four occasions. He is

a very dangerous man.' There! Every one has cast me out. Are you willing to receive me? Is this an inn? Will you give me something to eat and a bed? Have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will put 5 white sheets on the bed in the alcove."

Madame Magloire went out to execute these orders.

The bishop turned to the man. "Sit down, sir, and warm yourself. We are going to sup in a few moments, and your bed will be prepared while you are eating." 10

At this point the man suddenly comprehended. The expression of his face, up to that time gloomy and harsh, bore the imprint of stupefaction, of doubt, of joy, and became extraordinary. He began stammering like a crazy man: "Really? You will keep me? You do not drive 15 me forth? A convict! and you call me *Sir*! 'Get out of here, you dog!' is what people have said to me. I felt sure that you would expel me, so I told you at once who I am. Oh, what a good woman that was who directed me hither! I am going to have supper! and a bed with a mat- 20 tress and sheets, like the rest of the world!—a bed! It is nineteen years since I have slept in a bed! You actually do not want me to go! You are good people. Besides, I have money; I will pay well. Pardon me, Monsieur the innkeeper, but what is your name? You are an innkeeper, 25 are you not?"

"I am a priest who lives here," said the bishop.

"A priest!" said the man. "Oh, what a fine priest! Then you are not going to demand any money of me? You are the curé, are you not? the curé of this big church? Well! I am a fool, truly! I had not perceived your
5 skullcap."

As he spoke he deposited his knapsack and his cudgel in a corner, replaced his passport in his pocket, and seated himself. "You are humane," he went on. "You have not scorned me. Then you do not require me to pay?"

10 "No," replied the bishop; "keep your money. How much have you? Did you not tell me one hundred and nine francs?"

"And fifteen sous," added the man.

"One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous! And
15 how long did it take you to earn that?"

"Nineteen years."

"Nineteen years!" The bishop sighed deeply.

The man continued: "I have still the whole of my money. In four days I have spent only twenty-five sous,
20 which I earned by helping unload some wagons. Since you are a priest, I will tell you that we had a chaplain in the galleys. And one day I saw a bishop there. *Monseigneur* is what they called him. He is the curé who rules over the other curés, you understand. Pardon me, I say
25 that very badly; but it is such a far-off thing to me!"

While he was speaking the bishop had gone out and shut the door, which had remained wide open.

 THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT—II

Madame Magloire returned with a silver fork and spoon, which she placed on the table.

“Madame Magloire,” said the bishop, “place those things as near the fire as possible.” And turning to his guest: “The night wind is harsh on the Alps. You must 5 be cold, sir.”

Each time that he uttered the word *sir*, in a voice which was so gently grave and polished, the man’s face lighted up. *Sir* to a convict is like a glass of water to a man dying of thirst at sea. Ignominy thirsts for consideration. 10

“This lamp gives a very bad light,” said the bishop.

Madame Magloire understood him, and went to get the two silver candlesticks from the chimney piece in Monseigneur’s bedchamber, and placed them, lighted, on the table. 15

“You are good,” said the man; “you do not despise me. You receive me into your house. You light your candles for me. Yet I have not concealed from you whence I come and that I am an unfortunate man.”

The bishop, who was sitting near him, gently touched 20 his hand. “You need not tell me who you are. This door does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief. You suffer, you are hungry and thirsty; you are welcome. Every one is at home here who needs a refuge. What need have I to 25

know your name? Besides, before you told me, you had
 • one which I knew.”

The man opened his eyes in astonishment. “Really?
 You knew what I was called?”

5 “Yes,” replied the bishop; “you are called my brother.”

“Stop, stop!” exclaimed the man. “I was very hungry when I entered here; but you are so good that I no longer know what has happened to me.”

The bishop looked at him and said, “You have suffered
 10 much?”

“Oh, the red blouse, the ball on the ankle, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, toil, the convicts, the thrashings, the double chain for nothing, the cell for one word; even when sick and in bed, still the chain! Dogs, dogs are
 15 happier! Nineteen years! I am forty-six. Now, there is the yellow passport. That is all I have.”

“Yes,” resumed the bishop, “you have come from a very sad place. Listen. There will be more joy in heaven over the tear-bathed face of a repentant sinner than over
 20 the white robes of a hundred just men. If you are leaving that sad place with thoughts of hatred and of wrath against mankind, you are deserving of pity; if you are leaving it with thoughts of good will and of peace, you are more worthy than any one of us.”

25 In the meantime Madame Magloire had served supper, — soup, a little bacon, a bit of mutton, figs, a fresh cheese, and a large loaf of rye bread.

The bishop's face at once assumed that expression of gayety which is peculiar to hospitable natures. "To table!" he cried vivaciously. As was his habit when a stranger supped with him, he made the man sit on his right. Mademoiselle Baptistine took her seat at his left. 5

The bishop asked a blessing and then helped the soup himself according to his custom.

Jean Valjean paid no attention to any one. He ate with the voracity of a starving man. However, after supper he said, "Sir, all this is far too good for me, but I must say 10 that the carters at the inn, who would not allow me to eat with them, keep a better table than you do."

The bishop replied, "They are more fatigued than I."

"No," returned the man; "they have more money. You are poor; I see that plainly. You cannot be even a 15 curate. Are you really a curé? Ah, if the good God were but just, you certainly ought to be a curé!"

"The good God is more than just," said the bishop. A moment later he added, "Jean Valjean, is it to Pontarlier that you are going?" 20

"Yes, with my road marked out for me. I must be on my way by daybreak to-morrow. Traveling is hard. If the nights are cold, the days are hot."

"You are going to a good country," said the bishop. "There is plenty of work there. You have only to choose. 25 There are paper mills, tanneries, distilleries, oil factories, watch factories on a large scale, steel mills, and copper

works. Besides these industries they have another. It is their cheese dairies, which they call *fruitières*."

The bishop recurred frequently to the latter trade as if he wished the man to understand, without advising him directly, that this would afford him a refuge. Neither during supper, nor during the entire evening, did the bishop utter a single word that could remind Valjean of what he was. He did not even ask him from what country he came, nor what was his history. He was thinking, no doubt, that the man had his misfortune only too vividly present in his mind; that the best thing was to divert him from it, and to make him believe, if only for the moment, that he was a person like any other.

But Jean Valjean paid little heed to anything. He seemed too fatigued to talk.

At last Monseigneur Bienvenu took one of the two silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him, "Monsieur, I will conduct you to your room."

The man followed him.

The bishop left his guest in an alcove adjoining his own bedroom. "May you pass a good night," he said. "Tomorrow morning, before you set out, you shall have a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thanks, monsieur," said Valjean. He turned abruptly to the old man, folded his arms, and exclaimed in a hoarse voice: "Ah! really! You lodge me in your house, close

to yourself, like this? Have you reflected well? How do you know that I am not a murderer?"

The bishop replied, "That is the concern of the good God." Then gravely, and moving his lips like one who is praying or talking to himself, he raised two fingers of his right hand and bestowed his benediction on the man; then, without turning his head, he went into his bedroom.

A moment later he was in his garden, walking, meditating, contemplating, his heart and soul wholly absorbed in those grand and mysterious things which God shows at night to the eyes which remain open.

As for the man, he was so completely exhausted that he did not even profit by the nice white sheets. Snuffing out his candle he dropped, all dressed as he was, upon the bed, where he immediately fell into a sound sleep.

Midnight struck as the bishop returned from his garden to his room, and a few minutes later all were asleep in the little house.

galleys: prisons or penal colonies. Originally a *galley slave* was one who worked at the oars in a galley, or vessel propelled by rowing. The French kept the term and applied it to convicts chained together as the old galley slaves had been.—**Monseigneur Bienvenu** (môn sãn yě' byăn-vẹ nũ').—**Magloire** (mã glwăr').—**Baptistine** (bã tĩs tēn').—**gallows** (găl'l-lūs) **bird**: a criminal.—**visor** (vĩz'ěr): the forepiece of a cap.—**Pontarlier** (pôn tãr' lě ă'): a French town at the entrance of a mountain pass.—**Toulon** (tōō lōn'): a French seaport.—**league**: about two and a half miles, in France.—**franc**: a coin worth about twenty cents.—**sous** (sōōs): cents.—**Monsieur** (mō sỹě'): Mr. or sir.—**curé** (kũ rã'): minister or rector.—**fruitières** (frũ tyăr'): dairies.

SONG OF THE RIVER

CHARLES KINGSLEY

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875) was an English clergyman and author. As a novelist his chief power lay in his vivid imagination and in his descriptive faculties, *Hyppatia* and *Westward Ho!* containing some of the finest bits of word painting in our language. Many of his lyrics and ballads are
 5 inserted in his stories. This song is from *The Water Babies*.



Clear and cool, clear and cool,
 By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
 Cool and clear, cool and clear,
 By shining shingle, and foaming weir;
 10 Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
 And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,
 Undeiled, for the undeiled;
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child+

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
 By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
 Foul and dank, foul and dank,
 By wharf and sewer and slimy bank :
 Darker and darker the further I go,
 Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
 Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?
 Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

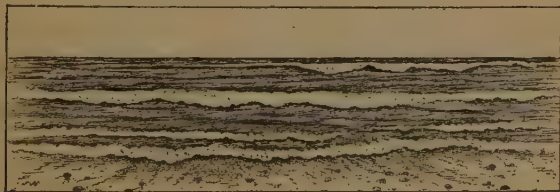
5

Strong and free, strong and free,
 The floodgates are open, away to the sea ;
 Free and strong, free and strong,
 Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
 To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
 And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
 As I lose myself in the infinite main,
 Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
 Undefiled, for the undefiled ;
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

10

15

shingle : pebbles that are waterworn. — **weir** (wēr) : a dam. — **ouzel** (oo'z'l) : a bird of the thrush family. — **undefiled** : not defiled ; clean. — **dank** : damp. — **murky** : gloomy. — **cowl** : a kind of hood. — **taintless** : pure. — **infinite** : endless. — **main** : the ocean.



TOM AND THE LOBSTER

CHARLES KINGSLEY

NOTE. Tom is a little chimney sweep who has been changed by the fairies into a water baby. His adventures, as told in *The Water Babies*, are enjoyed by readers of all ages.

Tom was going along the rocks in three-fathom water, 5 watching the pollock catch prawns, and the wrasses nibble barnacles off the rocks, shells and all, when he saw a round cage of green withes; and inside it, looking very much ashamed of himself, sat his friend the lobster, twiddling his horns, instead of thumbs.

10 "What! have you been naughty, and have they put you in the lockup?" asked Tom.

The lobster felt a little indignant at such a notion, but he was too much depressed in spirits to argue; so he only said, "I can't get out."

15 "Why did you get in?"

"After that nasty piece of dead fish." He had thought it looked and smelled very nice when he was outside, and so it did, to a lobster; but now he turned round and abused it because he was angry with himself.

20 "Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then why don't you get out through it?"

"Because I can't;" and the lobster twiddled his horns more fiercely than ever, but he was forced to confess.

"I have jumped upwards, downwards, backwards, and sideways, at least four thousand times, and I can't get out; I always get up underneath there, and can't find the hole."

Tom looked at the trap, and having more wit than the 5 lobster, he saw plainly enough what was the matter, as you may if you look at a lobster pot.

"Stop a bit," said Tom. "Turn your tail up to me and I'll pull you through hindforemost, and then you won't stick in the spikes." 10

But the lobster was so stupid and clumsy that he could n't hit the hole. Like a great many fox hunters, he was very sharp as long as he was in his own country; but as soon as they get out of it they lose their heads; and the lobster, so to speak, lost his tail. 15

Tom reached and clawed down the hole after him till he caught hold of him; and then, as was to be expected, the clumsy lobster pulled him in headforemost.

"Hullo! here is a pretty business," said Tom. "Now take your great claws and break the points off those 20 spikes, and then we shall both get out easily."

"Dear me, I never thought of that," said the lobster; "and after all the experience of life that I have had!"

You see experience is of very little good unless a man, or a lobster, has wit enough to make use of it. For a good 25 many people, like old Polonius, have seen all the world, and yet remain little better than children after all.

But they had not got half the spikes away when they saw a great dark cloud over them, and, lo and behold! it was the otter.

How she did grin and grin when she saw Tom. "Yar!" said she; "you little, meddlesome wretch, I have you now! I will serve you out for telling the salmon where I was!" And she crawled all over the pot to get in.

Tom was horribly frightened, and still more frightened when she found the hole in the top and squeezed herself right down through it, all eyes and teeth. But no sooner was her head inside than valiant Mr. Lobster caught her by the nose and held on.

And there they were, all three in the pot, rolling over and over, and very tight packing it was. And the lobster tore at the otter, and the otter tore at the lobster, and both squeezed and thumped poor Tom till he had no breath left in his body; and I don't know what would have happened to him if he had not at last got on the otter's back, and safe out of the hole.

He was right glad when he got out, but he would not desert his friend who had saved him; and the first time he saw his tail uppermost he caught hold of it and pulled with all his might.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along," said Tom; "don't you see she is dead?" And so she was, quite drowned and dead.

And that was the end of the wicked otter.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along, you stupid old stick-in-the-mud," cried Tom, "or the fisherman will catch you!" And that was true, for Tom felt some one above beginning to haul up the pot.

5

But the lobster would not let go.

Tom saw the fisherman haul him up to the boatside, and thought it was all up with him. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman he gave such a furious and tremendous snap that he snapped out of his hand, and out 10 of the pot, and safe into the sea. But he left his knobbed claw behind him; for it never came into his stupid head to let go after all; so he just shook his claw off as the easier method.

Tom asked the lobster why he never thought of letting 15 go. He said very determinedly that it was a point of honor among lobsters. And so it is.

From *The Water Babies*

three-fathom : eighteen feet. — **prawns** : shellfish, like shrimps. — **wrasses** : salt-water fishes, often bright colored. — **withes** (withs) : flexible twigs. — **Polo'nus** : a character in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.





THE SUCCORY

MARGARET DELAND

MRS. MARGARET DELAND is an American novelist and lecturer.

NOTE. The succory, or chicory, is a common roadside plant.

Oh not in ladies' gardens,
 My peasant posy,
 5 Smile thy dear blue eyes ;
 Nor only — nearer to the skies —
 In upland pastures,
 Dim and sweet ;
 But by the dusty road,
 10 Where tired feet
 Toil to and fro,
 Where flaunting sin
 May see thy heavenly hue,
 Or weary sorrow look from thee
 15 Toward that tenderer blue.

MAGGIE TULLIVER

GEORGE ELIOT

GEORGE ELIOT was the assumed name of Mary Ann Evans, who held the foremost place among women writers of the nineteenth century. Her novels are faithful pictures of village and country life in England. Among the most popular of her books is *The Mill on the Floss*, the early chapters of which deal with Maggie Tulliver's girlhood. George Eliot died in 1880. 5

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her and whispering in her ear, "go and get your hair brushed."

"Tom, come out with me," whispered Maggie, pulling her brother's sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough. 10

"Come upstairs with me, Tom," she whispered, when they were outside the door. "There's something I want to do before dinner."

"There's no time to play at anything before dinner," said Tom, whose imagination was impatient of any inter- 15 mediate prospect.

"Oh, yes, there is time for this; *do* come, Tom."

Tom followed Maggie upstairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a drawer, from which she took out a large pair of scissors. 20

"What are they for, Maggie?" said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

Maggie answered by seizing her front locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

“Oh, Maggie,” exclaimed Tom, “you’d better not cut off any more.”

Snip! went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he could n’t help feeling it was rather good fun: Maggie would look so queer.

“Here, Tom, cut it behind for me,” said Maggie, excited by her own daring, and anxious to finish the deed.

“You’ll catch it, you know,” said Tom, nodding his head in an admonitory manner, and hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

“Never mind — make haste!” said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot. Her cheeks were quite flushed.

The black locks were so thick — nothing could be more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony’s mane. One delicious grinding snip, and then another and another and the locks fell heavily on the floor, and Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

“Oh, Maggie!” said Tom, jumping round her, and slapping his knees as he laughed. “Oh, what a queer thing you look! Look at yourself in the glass!”

Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action. She didn’t



want her hair to look pretty,—that was out of the question; she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl, and not to find fault with her. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her, the affair had quite a new aspect.

5 She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale, and her lips to tremble a little.

“Oh, Maggie, you'll have to go down to dinner directly,” said Tom. “Oh, my!”

10 “Don't laugh at me, Tom,” said Maggie, in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping and giving him a push.

“What did you cut it off for, then?” said Tom. “I shall go down: I can smell the dinner going in.”

15 He hurried downstairs, but Maggie, as she stood crying before the glass, felt it impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom and Lucy, and Martha, who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles, would

20 laugh at her,—for if Tom had laughed at her of course every one else would, and if she had only let her hair alone, she could have sat with Tom and Lucy, and had the apricot pudding and the custard! She could see clearly enough, now the thing was done, that it was very foolish.

25 What could she do but sob? She sat as helpless and despairing among her black locks as Ajax among the slaughtered sheep.

“Maggie, you little silly,” said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes after, “why don’t you come and have your dinner? There are lots of goodies, and mother says you’re to come. What are you crying for?”

Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned; 5 if *he* had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was the dinner; and she was so hungry. It was very bitter.

But Tom was not altogether hard. He was not inclined to cry, and did not feel that Maggie’s grief spoiled his 10 prospect of the sweets; but he went and put his head near her, and said in a lower, comforting tone: “Won’t you come then, Magsie? Shall I bring you a bit of pudding when I’ve had mine?—and a custard and things?”

“Ye-e-es,” said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little 15 more tolerable.

“Very well,” said Tom, going away. But he turned again at the door and said: “But you’d better come, you know. There’s the dessert,—nuts and custards.”

Maggie’s tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as 20 Tom left her. His good-nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering, and nuts and custards began to assert their legitimate influence.

Slowly she rose from amongst her scattered locks, and slowly she made her way downstairs. Then she stood 25 leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-room door, peeping in when it was ajar. She saw Tom and

Lucy with an empty chair between them, and there were the custards on a side table, — it was too much. She slipped in and went toward the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented and wished herself
5 back again.

Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and felt such a “turn” that she dropped the large gravy spoon into the dish with the most serious results to the table-cloth. Her scream made all eyes turn toward the same
10 point as her own, and Maggie’s cheeks and ears began to burn, while Uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman, said: “Heyday! What little girl is this? Why, I don’t know her! Is it some little girl you’ve picked up in the road?”

15 “Why, little miss, you’ve made yourself look very funny,” said Uncle Pullet; and perhaps he never in his life made an observation which was felt to be so lacerating.

“Fie, for shame!” said Aunt Glegg, in her loudest, severest tones of reproof. “Little girls who cut their own
20 hair should be fed on bread and water, — not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles.”

“Ay, ay,” said Uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful turn to this denunciation, “she must be sent to jail, I think, and they’ll cut off the rest of her hair there and
25 make it all even.”

“She’s more like a gypsy than ever,” said Aunt Pullet in a pitying tone.

Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger, which gave her a transient power of defiance, and Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and custard. Under this impression he whispered, “Oh, my! Maggie, I told you you’d catch it.” He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy. Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant, her heart swelled, and, getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst into loud sobbing.

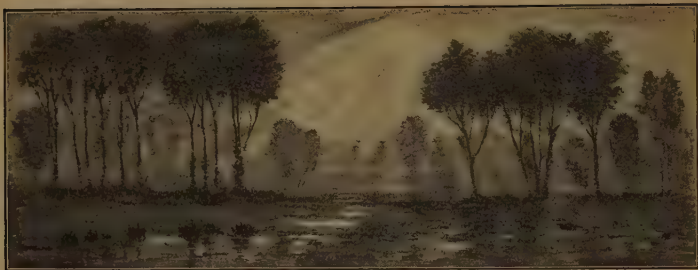
“Come, come,” said Mr. Tulliver soothingly, putting his arm round her. “Never mind. You were in the right to cut it off if it plagued you; stop crying; father will take your part.”

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father “took her part”; she kept them in her heart and thought of them long years after.

“How your husband does spoil that child, Bessy!” said Mrs. Glegg in a loud “aside” to Mrs. Tulliver. “It’ll be the ruin of her if you don’t take care.”

Abridged from *The Mill on the Floss*

apricot (ā'prī cōt) : a foreign fruit, now common in temperate climates.
 — **Ajax** : a Greek hero who in a fit of madness mistook his flocks of sheep for his enemies and killed them all. — **lacerating** : cutting. — **transient** : brief. — **ignominy** (Ig'nō mĭn ỹ) : disgrace. — **aside** : something spoken aside or privately.



BEFORE THE RAIN

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836-1907) was a writer of delightful prose as well as exquisite verse. His *Story of a Bad Boy* and *Marjorie Daw* are deservedly popular. The lyric quality of his poetry is strongly marked.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
 5 A spirit on slender ropes of mist
 Was lowering its golden buckets down
 Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens —
 Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
 10 Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
 To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
 The white of their leaves, the amber grain
 Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now
 15 Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

LOST IN THE STORM

WILLIAM J. LONG

WILLIAM J. LONG is an American author and naturalist. His books describe his studies of life in the wilderness and are full of interest and entertainment. This selection is from *Northern Trails*.

Winter had come, sealing up the gloomy land till it rang like iron at the touch, then covering it deep with snow 5 and polishing its mute white face with hoarfrost and hail driven onward by the fierce Arctic gales. An appalling silence rested on plains and mountains. Not a chirp, not even a rustle broke the intense, unnatural stillness. One might travel all day long without a sight or sound of life. 10

Over the great barren in the gloomy spruce woods an Indian lodge lay hidden, buried deep under Newfoundland snows.

Here the fishermen lived, sleeping away the bitter winter. In the late autumn they had left the fishing village at 15 Harbor Weal, driven out like the wild ducks by the fierce gales that raged over the whole coast. With their abundant families and scant provisions they had followed the trail up the Southwest Brook till it doubled around the mountain and led into a great silent wood, sheltered on 20 every side by the encircling hills.

Here the tilts were built with double walls, filled in between with leaves and moss, to help the little stoves that

struggled bravely with the terrible cold; and the roofs were covered over with poles and bark, or with the brown sails that had once driven the fishing boats out and in on the wings of the gale.

5 The high mountains on the west stood between the Indians and the icy winds that swept down over the sea from the Labrador and the Arctic wastes; wood in abundance was at their doors, and the trout stream that sang all day long under its bridges of snow and ice was always ready to
10 brim their kettles out of its abundance.

So the new life began pleasantly enough; but as the winter wore away and provisions grew scarce and game vanished from the coverts, the Indians felt the fearful pinch of famine. Every morning now a confused circle of
15 tracks in the snow showed where the wild prowlers of the woods had come and sniffed at the very doors of the tilts in their ravening hunger.

Noel's father was far away, trapping, in the interior; and to Noel, with his snares and his bow and arrows, fell
20 the task of supplying the family's need when the stock of dried fish melted away. One March morning he had started with his sister Mooka at daylight to cross the mountains to some great barrens where he had found tracks and knew that a few herds of caribou were still feeding. The
25 sun was dimmed as it rose, and the sundogs gave mute warning of a coming storm; but the cupboard was empty at home and they hurried on unheeding, — Noel with his

bow and arrows, Mooka with a little bag containing a loaf and a few dried caplin. Peering under every brush pile for the shining eyes of a rabbit, they picked up one big grouse and a few ptarmigan among the bowlders of a great bare hillside. On the edges of the great barren under the 5 Top Gallants they found the fresh tracks of feeding caribou, and were following eagerly when they ran plump into a wolf trail.

Now by every law of the chase the game belonged to these earlier hunters ; and by every power in their gaunt, 10 famished bodies the wolves meant to have it. So said the trail. Every stealthy advance in single file across the open, every swift rush over the hollows that might hide them from eyes watching back from the distant woods, showed the wolves' purpose clear as daylight ; and had 15 Noel been wiser he would have read a warning from the snow and turned aside. But he only pressed on more eagerly than before.

The children were watching a faint cloud of mist, the breath of caribou, that blurred at times the dark tree 20 line in the distance, when one of those mysterious warnings that befall the hunter in the far North rested upon them suddenly like a heavy hand.

I know not what it is, — what lesser pressure of air, to which we respond like a barometer ; or what unknown 25 chords there are within us that sleep for years in the midst of society and that waken and answer, like an

animal's, to the subtle influence of nature,—but one can never be watched by an unseen wild animal without feeling it vaguely; and one can never be so keen on the trail that the storm, before it breaks, will not whisper a warning to
5 turn back to shelter before it is too late. To Noel and



Mooka, alone on the barrens, the sun was no dimmer than before; the heavy gray bank of clouds still held sullenly to its place on the horizon; and no eyes, however keen, would have noticed the tiny dark spots that centered and
10 glowed upon them over the rim of the little hollow where the wolves were watching. Nevertheless, a sudden chill fell upon them both. They stopped abruptly, shivering a bit, drawing closer together and scanning the waste keenly to know what it all meant.

"The storm!" said Noel sharply; and without another word they turned and hurried back on their own trail. In a short half hour the world would be swallowed up in chaos. To be caught out on the barrens meant to be lost; and to be lost here without fire and shelter meant death, 5 swift and sure. So they ran on, hoping to strike the woods before the blizzard burst upon them.

They were scarcely halfway to shelter when the white flakes began to whirl around them. With startling, terrible swiftness the familiar world vanished; the guiding 10 trail was blotted out, and nothing but a wolf's instinct could have held a straight course in the blinding fury of the storm. Still they held on bravely, trying in vain to keep their direction by the eddying winds, till Mooka stumbled twice at the same hollow over a hidden brook, 15 and they knew they were running blindly in a circle of death. Frightened at the discovery they turned, as the caribou do, keeping their backs steadily to the winds, and drifted slowly away down the long barren.

Hour after hour they struggled on, hand in hand, with- 20 out a thought of where they were going. Twice Mooka fell and lay still, but was dragged to her feet and hurried onward again. The little hunter's own strength was almost gone, when a low moan rose steadily above the howl and hiss of the gale. It was the spruce woods, bending 25 their tops to the blast and groaning at the strain. With a wild whoop Noel plunged forward, and the next instant

they were safe within the woods. All around them the flakes sifted steadily, silently down into the thick covert, while the storm passed with a great roar over their heads.

They tumbled into the snow and lay for a moment
 5 utterly relaxed, like two tired animals, in that brief, delicious rest which follows a terrible struggle with the storm and cold.

First they ate a little of their bread and fish to keep up their spirits; then — for the storm that was upon them
 10 might last for days — they set about preparing a shelter. With a little search, whooping to each other lest they stray away, they found a big dry stub that some gale had snapped off a few feet above the snow. While Mooka scurried about, collecting birch bark and armfuls of dry
 15 branches, Noel took off his snowshoes and began with one of them to shovel away the snow in a semicircle around the base of the stub. In a short half hour he had a deep hole there, with the snow banked up around it to the height of his head. Next with his knife he cut a lot of
 20 light poles and scrub spruces and, sticking the butts in his snowbank, laid the tops, like the sticks of a wigwam, firmly against the big stub. A few armfuls of spruce boughs shingled over this roof, and a few minutes' work shoveling snow thickly upon them to hold them in place
 25 and to make a warm covering; then a doorway, or rather a narrow tunnel, just beyond the stub on the straight side of the semicircle, and their *commoosie* was all ready. Let

the storm roar and the snow sift down ! The thicker it fell the warmer would be their shelter. They laughed and shouted now as they scurried out and in, bringing boughs for a bed and the firewood which Mooka had gathered.

Against the base of the dry stub they built their fire, — 5
a wee, sociable little fire such as an Indian always builds, which is far better than a big one, for it draws you near and welcomes you cheerily, instead of driving you away by its smoke and great heat. Soon the big stub itself began to burn, glowing steadily with a heat that filled the 10
snug little *commoosie*, while the smoke found its way out of the hole in the roof which Noel had left for that purpose. Later the stub burned through to its hollow center, and then they had a famous chimney, which soon grew hot and glowing inside, and added its mite to the children's 15
comfort.

Noel and Mooka were drowsy now ; but before the long night closed in upon them they had gathered more wood, and laid aside some wisps of birch bark to use when they should awake, cold and shivering, and find their little fire 20
gone out and the big stub losing its cheery glow. Then they lay down to rest, and the night and the storm rolled on unheeded.

Towards morning they fell into a heavy sleep ; for the stub began to burn more freely as the wind changed, and 25
they need not stir every half hour to feed their little fire and keep from freezing. It was broad daylight, the storm

had ceased, and a woodpecker was hammering loudly on a hollow shell over their heads when they started up, wondering vaguely where they were. Then while Noel broke out of the *commoosie*, which was fairly buried under
 5 the snow, to find out where he was, Mooka rebuilt the fire and plucked a ptarmigan and set it to toasting with the last of their bread over the coals.

Noel came back soon with a cheery whoop to tell the little cook that they had drifted before the storm down
 10 the whole length of the great barren, and were camped now on the opposite side, just under the highest ridge of the Top Gallants. There was not a track on the barrens, he said; not a sign of wolf or caribou, which had probably wandered deeper into the woods for shelter. So they ate
 15 their bread to the last crumb and their bird to the last bone, and, giving up all thought of hunting, started up the big barren, heading for the distant lodge, where they had long since been given up for lost.

barren: an open, level space surrounded by dense woods. The barrens are the beds of ancient ponds or lakes. — **tilts**: log huts or cabins built in some sheltered valley for winter lodges. — **caribou** (kär'ī bōō): the American reindeer. — **sun dogs**: luminous spots near the sun, supposed to be due to ice in the atmosphere. — **caplin**: small fish, resembling smelts, found in arctic seas. — **grouse and ptarmigan** (tär'mī gān): birds akin to the pheasant and the partridge but distinguished by their feathered feet. — **earlier hunters**: the wolves. — **commoosie**: a shelter for the night, sometimes made in the form of a shed open in front to admit heat from the fire. — **Top Gallants**: high ridges in the wild interior.



THE SNOWSTORM

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, an American author and editor, was born in 1827.

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow ;
Athwart the hilltop, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil ;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
 Singeth to me on fence and tree ;
 The snow sails round him as he sings,
 White as the down of angels' wings.

5 I watch the slow flakes as they fall
 On bank and brier and broken wall ;
 Over the orchard, waste and brown,
 All noiselessly they settle down,
 Tipping the apple boughs and each
 10 Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

On turf and curb and bower roof
 The snowstorm spreads its ivory woof ;
 It paves with pearl the garden walk ;
 And lovingly round tattered stalk
 15 And shivering stem its magic weaves
 A mantle fair as lily leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,
 Stands like a maiden in the snow ;
 And the old door slab is half hid
 20 Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows : the sheeted post
 Gleams in the dimness like a ghost ;
 All day the blasted oak has stood
 A muffled wizard of the wood ;
 25 Garland and airy cap adorn

The sumach and the wayside thorn,
And clustering spangles lodge and shine
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold ;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

5

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree :
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird ;
And heavenly thoughts as soft and white
As snowflakes on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruised part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

10

15



THE DANCING DOGS

HECTOR MALOT

HECTOR MALOT (mä lö) (1830-1907) was a French author whose masterpiece, *Sans Famille*, has been called by contemporary critics "an incomparable romance."

NOTE. The little French boy who tells the story of *Sans Famille*, from which this selection is taken, is the assistant of a traveling showman. Three dogs and a monkey, named Joli-Cœur, make up the company of players. Owing to the monkey's misbehavior, there has been some trouble with the police, and the showman has been arrested for protecting the boy from brutal treatment.

10 I came at last to the shore of the Southern Canal, and after traveling in the dust ever since I left Toulouse, I found myself in a fresh, green country, with water, trees, grass, and a little spring which trickled through the crevices of a rock carpeted with plants. It was charming.

15 Imperceptibly drowsiness stole over me and I fell asleep.

When I awoke the sun was high above my head and hours had gone by. But I did not need the sun to tell me that it was a long time since I had eaten my last bit of bread. The two dogs and Joli-Cœur, on their part, showed 20 that they were hungry, — Capi and Dolci by their piteous looks and Joli-Cœur by his grimaces. And Zerbino had not yet appeared. I called, I whistled, but in vain. He did not come. He was probably digesting his breakfast under some bush.

25 My situation was becoming critical. If I went on, he might get lost and not rejoin us; if I stayed where I was,

I should find no chance to earn a few pennies to buy food. And this same need of eating became more and more imperious. The eyes of the dogs were fastened on mine despairingly, and Joli-Cœur rubbed his stomach and uttered little angry cries.

5

What was I to do?

Although Zerbino was guilty and through his fault we were placed in a terrible situation, I could not make up my mind to abandon him. What would my master say if I did not bring back his three dogs? And in spite of every- 10 thing I was very fond of that rascal, Zerbino.

I decided to wait until evening, but I could not remain idle. I must invent something which would keep all four of us busy and would distract our thoughts. If we could only forget that we were hungry, we should assuredly 15 suffer less. But what could we do?

While I was pondering on this question I recollected that my master had told me that in the army, when a regiment was fatigued by a long march, the soldiers would forget their weariness in listening to gay tunes played by 20 the band. If I should play a lively air, perhaps we might forget our hunger; at any rate, while we were kept busy with singing and dancing the time would pass more rapidly.

I took my harp, which was propped up against a tree, and, turning my back on the canal, I arranged my players 25 in position and began a waltz. At first my actors did not seem disposed to dance; plainly a piece of bread would

have been more to their liking, but little by little they grew lively, the music produced the desired effect, we forgot the bread that we did not have, and I thought only of playing and the dogs of dancing.



5 Suddenly I heard a clear, childish voice cry, "Bravo!"
 The sound came from behind me. I turned quickly. On
 the canal a boat had turned toward the shore where I was
 standing; the two horses that drew it had halted on the
 opposite bank. I had never seen such a strange boat! It
 10 was much shorter than the barges which were ordinarily

used for navigation on the canals, and on the bridge, raised a little above the water, was built a kind of gallery of glass ; in front of this was a veranda shaded by vines. There I saw two persons : a lady still young, with a sweet but sad expression, was standing beside a boy about my own age, who was lying down. Doubtless it was this child who had cried, " Bravo ! "

Recovering from my surprise, for this apparition was not in the least terrifying, I took off my hat to thank the one who had applauded me. 10

" Do you play for your own amusement ? " asked the lady.

" I do it to make my players work and also — to divert my thoughts. "

The child made some sign and the lady bent over him. 15

" Are you willing to play again ? " she asked, raising her head.

Was I willing to play ! To play to a public which had come so opportunely ! I did not require much pressing.

" Should you like a dance or a comedy ? " I asked. 20

" Oh, a comedy ! " cried the child.

But the lady interrupted, saying that she should prefer a dance.

" That is too short, " said the boy.

" After the dance, if the honorable audience so desires, we can go through different tricks, such as are performed in the Paris circuses. " 25

This was one of my master's phrases ; I tried to deliver it with his dignified air. On reflection I was relieved that she had refused the comedy, for I should have had some difficulty in representing it, as Zerbino was missing and
 5 as I did not have the necessary costumes and accessories.

I took up my harp again and began to play a waltz ; immediately Capi encircled Dolci's waist with his two paws and they turned round and round in time to the music. Then Joli-Cœur danced alone. We went in suc-
 10 cession through our whole repertory. We felt no fatigue. As for my players, they certainly understood that a dinner would be the reward of their efforts, and they spared themselves no more than I did.

Suddenly, in the midst of my exercises, I beheld Zerbino
 15 coming out from under a bush, and when his comrades passed near him he took his place impudently in their midst.

While playing and keeping watch over my actors, I looked from time to time at the little boy, and noticed
 20 that, strangely enough, although he seemed to take great pleasure in our performance, he did not move, but lay there, stretched out, in complete immobility, except when he clapped his hands to applaud us. He looked as if he were fastened to a board.

25 Imperceptibly the wind had blown the boat up to the bank where I stood, and I now saw the child as plainly as if I had been on the boat beside him : he had fair hair,

his face was pale, — so pale that you saw the blue veins on his forehead under his transparent skin, — and his expression was gentle and sad, with something in it that told of sickness and suffering.

“What do you charge for seats in your theater?” the lady asked me. 5

“Each one pays according to the pleasure he has felt.”

“Then, mamma, we must pay a high price,” said the child. He added some words in a language that I did not understand. 10

“Arthur wishes to see your actors nearer,” the lady said to me.

I made a sign to Capi, who took a little run and jumped into the boat.

“And the others, too,” cried Arthur. 15

Zerbino and Dolci followed their comrade.

“And the monkey?”

Joli-Cœur could easily have jumped across, but I was never sure of him; once on board he might indulge in tricks that perhaps would not be to the lady’s taste. 20

“Is he mischievous?” she inquired.

“No, madam, but he is not always obedient, and I am afraid that he may not behave properly.”

“Oh, well, come on board with him.”

Saying this, she signed to the man who was standing at the stern by the rudder, and he came forward at once and threw a plank to the shore. 25

Here was a bridge. It enabled me to embark without taking the perilous jump, and I came on board soberly, my harp on my shoulder, and Joli-Cœur in my hand.

"The monkey! the monkey!" cried Arthur.

5 I went nearer, and while he patted Joli-Cœur and caressed him I could examine the boy at my leisure. He was really fastened to a board, as I had thought at first.

"Is there no one to take care of you, my child?" the lady asked me.

10 "Yes, but I am alone just now."

"For a long while?"

"For two months."

"Two months! Oh, my poor little one! Why are you alone for so long a time?"

15 "It is necessary, madam."

"Your master probably obliges you to bring him a sum of money at the end of those two months?"

"No, madam, he demands nothing. So long as I can earn my living with my company, that is enough."

20 "And have you earned a living up to to-day?"

I hesitated before I answered. I had never seen any one who inspired a feeling of respect as did this woman who questioned me. She spoke to me with so much kindness, her voice was so sweet and her manner so encouraging, that I decided to tell the truth. Moreover, why
25 should I keep silence? So I told her how I had been separated from my master, who had been condemned to prison

for having defended me, and how, since I had left Toulouse, I had not been able to earn a cent.

While I was speaking Arthur played with the dogs, but he was listening and he understood what I said.

“How hungry you must be!” he cried.

5

At this word, which they understood perfectly, the dogs began to bark and Joli-Cœur rubbed his stomach frantically.

“Oh, mamma!” cried Arthur.

His mother understood that appeal. She said a few 10 words in a strange language to a woman who appeared at a half-open door, and who presently brought out a little table set for a meal.

“Sit down, my child,” said the lady to me.

I did not need any urging. I sat down quickly before 15 the table, while the dogs arranged themselves in a row about me, and Joli-Cœur took his place on my knee.

“Do your dogs eat bread?” Arthur asked me.

Would they eat bread! I gave each of them a morsel, which they devoured.

20

“And the monkey?” said Arthur.

But there was no need to worry about Joli-Cœur, for while I was serving the dogs he had seized a bit of pie-crust over which he was now choking under the table.

As for me, I took a slice of bread, and if I did not 25 choke myself as Joli-Cœur had, I devoured it quite as ravenously.

"Poor child," said the lady, filling my glass.

"Where shall you dine this evening?" asked Arthur.

"We shall not have anything to eat," I answered.

"And where shall you dine to-morrow?"

5 "Perhaps to-morrow we shall be as lucky as we have been to-day."

Arthur turned toward his mother and entered into a long talk with her in the strange language that I had already heard. He seemed to be asking for some favor
10 that she was not disposed to grant, or at least against which she raised some objections.

Suddenly he turned his head toward me, for he could not move his body, and said, "Should you like to stay with us?"

15 I looked at him without answering, for this question took me by surprise.

"My son asks you if you would like to stay with us."

"On this boat?"

"Yes, on this boat. My son is sick, and the doctors
20 have ordered that he should be fastened to a board, as you see. I travel with him in this boat, so that he shall not become weary. You shall live with us. Your dogs and your monkey shall give their performances before Arthur, who will be their public. As for you, if you are willing,
25 my child, you shall play to us on your harp. Thus you will render us a service, and we, on our side, may be useful, perhaps, to you."

To live on a boat! This had always been my greatest desire. How fortunate I was!

I took my harp and, going forward into the bow, I began to play.

The boat was drawn from the bank and was soon moving over the tranquil surface of the canal. The waves lapped against the hull and the trees flew past us.

As I look back upon the days spent in the boat I find them to be the happiest ones of my childhood. Not an hour of dullness nor of fatigue; from morning till night every moment was filled with pleasure.

When the country was interesting we traveled only a few miles a day; when it was monotonous we went more swiftly.

However, pleasant as these new ways seemed to me, it became necessary, before long, to bring them to an end. The time had passed quickly and now the day was fast approaching when my master was to be released from prison.

Sans Famille (săn fà mễ'ye): homeless. — **Joli-Cœur** (zhō lễ cûr): dandy. — **Southern Canal**: this connects the Atlantic with the Mediterranean. — **Toulouse** (tōo-lōōs'): a city of southern France. — **Capi** (kă pẻ): captain. — **Dolci** (dōl-chẻ): gentleness. — **Zerbino** (zâr bẻ'nỏ): a gallant. — **reper-tory** (rẻp'ẻr tẻ rẻ): list of selections.

THE TYPHOON

JOSEPH CONRAD

The life of Joseph Conrad is like a chapter from one of his own tales of adventure. He was born in Poland, and at the age of thirteen, having been left an orphan, he made his way first to Paris and then to Marseilles, where he found employment as a sailor. Now a master in the merchant
5 service of England, he is also known as one of the foremost writers of English prose. His sea stories are remarkable examples of word painting.

NOTE. The *Nan-Shan* is a Siamese vessel manned by British officers; Jukes is chief mate. The following pages describe the approach of the typhoon.

10 A plunge of the ship ended in a shock, as if she had landed her fore foot upon something solid. After a moment of stillness a lofty flight of sprays drove hard with the wind upon their faces.

“Keep her at it as long as we can,” shouted Captain
15 MacWhirr.

Before Jukes had squeezed the salt water out of his eyes all the stars had disappeared. From the first stir of the air on his cheek the gale seemed to take upon itself the impetus of an avalanche. Heavy sprays enveloped the
20 *Nan-Shan* from stem to stern, and in the midst of her regular rolling she began to kick and plunge. Jukes was glad to have his captain at hand. It relieved him as if that man had, by simply coming on deck, taken at once most of the gale’s weight upon his shoulders. Such is the
25 privilege and the burden of command.

Captain MacWhirr could expect no comfort of that sort from any one on earth. Such is the loneliness of command. The strong wind swept at him out of a vast obscurity ; he felt under his feet the uneasiness of his ship, and he could not discern even a shadow of her shape. 5

A faint burst of lightning quivered all around, as if flashed into a cavern,—into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foaming crests. It unveiled for a sinister, fluttering moment a ragged mass of clouds hanging low, the lurch of the long outlines of the ship, 10 the black figures of men on the bridge. The darkness palpitated down upon all this, and then the real thing came at last.

It was something formidable and swift, like the sudden smashing of a vial of wrath. It seemed to explode all 15 round the ship with an overpowering concussion and a rush of great waters, as if an immense dam had been blown up to windward.

In an instant the men lost touch of each other. Jukes was driven away from his commander. He fancied him- 20 self whirled a great distance through the air.

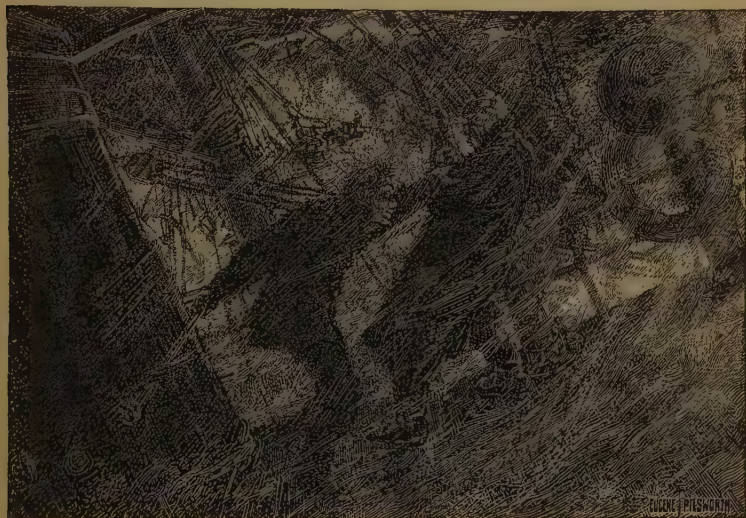
Everything disappeared, but his hand had found within six feet of him one of the rail stanchions. It saved his body and steadied his soul so far that it became conscious of an intolerable distress. Though young, he had seen 25 some bad weather and had never doubted his ability to imagine the worst ; but this was so much beyond his

powers of fancy that it appeared incompatible with the existence of any ship whatever.

The rain poured on him, flowed, drove in sheets. He was plunged in rushing water, like a diver holding on to
 5 a stake planted in the bed of a swollen river. He breathed in gasps, and sometimes the water he swallowed was fresh and sometimes it was salt. For the most part he kept his eyes shut tight, as if suspecting his sight might be destroyed in the immense flurry of the elements. When he
 10 ventured to blink hastily he derived some moral support from the green gleam of the starboard light, shining feebly upon the flight of rain and sprays. He was actually looking at it when its ray fell upon the uprearing head of the sea, which put it out.

15 ✕ He saw the head of the wave topple over, adding the mite of its crash to the tremendous uproar raging around him, and almost at the same instant the stanchion was wrenched from his grasp. After a crushing thump on the back he found himself suddenly afloat and borne away.
 20 His first irresistible notion was that the whole China Sea had climbed on the bridge. Then, more sanely, he concluded himself gone overboard. All the time he was being tossed, flung, and rolled in great volumes of water, and discovered himself to have become somehow mixed up with
 25 a face, an oilskin coat, somebody's boots. He clawed ferociously all these things in turn, lost them, found them again, lost them once more, and was caught in the firm

clasp of a pair of stout arms. He had found his captain. They tumbled over and over each other, tightening their hug. Suddenly the water let them down with a brutal bang, and, stranded against the side of the wheelhouse, out of breath and bruised, they were left to stagger up in the wind and hold on where they could. 5



The motion of the ship was extravagant. Her lurches had an appalling helplessness. Both ends were under water, and the sea, flattened down in the heavier gusts, would uprise and overwhelm them in snowy rushes of foam expanding wide, beyond both rails, into the night. The middle structure of the ship was like a rock, with the water boiling up, streaming over, pouring off, beating 10

round,—like a rock that had been miraculously struck adrift from a coast and gone wallowing upon the sea.

When the *Nan-Shan* came to an anchor the sunshine was bright, the breeze fresh. She came in from a green, 5 hard sea,—green like a furrowed slab of jade streaked and splashed with frosted silver. Even before her story got about, the seamen in harbor said: “Look! Look at that steamer! Siamese, is n’t she? Just look at her!”

She was incrustated and gray with salt to the trucks of 10 her masts and to the top of her funnel, “as if,” as some facetious seaman said, “the crowd on board had fished her out somewhere from the bottom of the sea and brought her in for salvage.”

She seemed indeed to have served as a target for the 15 secondary batteries of a whole fleet. She had about her the worn, weary air of ships coming from the far ends of the world,—and indeed, with truth, for in her short passage she had been very far, sighting even the coast of the Great Beyond. X

Abridged from *The Typhoon*

typhoon: a violent hurricane occurring in the Chinese seas. — **sinister**: foreboding danger. — **bridge**: a raised platform on a ship where the captain and pilot stand. — **palpitated**: made, itself felt. — **vial of wrath**: a familiar figure of speech in Hebrew poetry. See Revelation xvi. 1. — **stanchions**: posts. — **incompatible**: not agreeing. — **Siamese**: belonging to Siam, an Eastern kingdom. — **facetious**: joking. — **salvage**: compensation allowed for saving a ship. — **secondary batteries**: the smaller guns, the effect of which would be to riddle rather than to destroy a ship.

LIFE'S TORCH

HENRY NEWBOLT

HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT is an English writer and poet.

NOTE. The old game of cricket, which is popular at English schools, has a few points of resemblance to baseball, but in other ways it differs widely.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night — 5
 Ten to make and the match to win —
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame, 10
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!" . . .

This is the word that year by year
 While in her place the School is set
 Every one of her sons must hear, 15
 And none that hears it dare forget.
 This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
 And falling fling to the host behind —
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!" 20

Close: an inclosed field or yard. — **bumping pitch**: an uneven, difficult ground. When regularly delivered the ball strikes the "pitch" between the player who serves the ball and the batsman.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S BOAT

DANIEL DEFOE

DANIEL DEFOE (1661-1731) was the first English novelist. He began life as a tradesman, but soon became interested in politics and held several government offices. His skill as a journalist led him to invent stories when real life failed to supply him with literary material, and he gradually became a writer of fiction, although he cleverly gave to his stories every appearance of reality. The adventures of a certain sailor named Alexander Selkirk furnished Defoe with all the foundation he needed for his famous book, *The Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, which was published in 1719.

10 NOTE. Robinson Crusoe, a Yorkshire sailor, having been shipwrecked in the Caribbean Sea, is washed upon the shore of an uninhabited island, where he lives for several years alone. His experiences in adapting himself to his new life are as full of interest to-day as they were two hundred years ago. His attempt to build a boat, after seeing, in the far distance,
15 a misty headland, is strikingly human at every point.

All the while these things were doing you may be sure my thoughts ran many times upon the prospect of land, which I had seen from the other side of the island; and I was not without some secret wishes that I was on shore
20 there, fancying that I might find some way or other to convey myself farther. But I made no allowance for the dangers of such a condition, and that I might fall into the hands of savages, such as I might have reason to think far worse than the lions and tigers of Africa.
25 All these things took up none of my apprehensions at first; yet my head ran mightily upon the thought of getting over to the shore.

At length I began to think whether it was not possible to make myself a canoe such as the natives of these climates made, even without tools, of the trunk of a great tree. This I thought not only possible, but easy, and pleased myself extremely with the idea of making it, and 5 with my having much more convenience for it than any of the Indians; but not at all considering the particular inconveniences that I lay under, namely, the want of hands to move it into the water when it was made, — a difficulty much harder for me to surmount than all the 10 consequences of want of tools could be to them.

One would imagine that I should have immediately thought how I was to get my boat into the sea; but I was so intent upon my voyage in it that I never once considered how I should get it off the land, though it 15 was really more easy for me to guide it over the sea, than over the land to set it afloat in the water.

I went to work upon this boat the most like a fool that ever man did, who had any of his senses awake. I pleased myself with the design without determining whether I 20 was able to undertake it; not but that the difficulty of launching my boat came often into my head, but I put a stop to my own inquiries into it by this foolish answer: Let us first make it; I warrant I will find some way or other to get it along when it is done. 25

This was a most preposterous method; but the eagerness of my fancy prevailed, and to work I went. I felled

a cedar tree, and I question much whether Solomon ever had such a one for the building of the temple at Jerusalem; it was five feet ten inches in diameter at the lower part next the stump, and four feet eleven inches in diameter at the end of twenty-two feet, where it lessened and then parted into branches.

It was not without infinite labor that I felled this tree; I was twenty days hacking and hewing at the bottom, and fourteen more getting the branches and limbs and the vast, spreading head of it cut off; after this it cost me a month to shape it to something like the bottom of a boat, that it might swim upright as it ought to do. It cost me near three months more to clear the inside and work it out so as to make an exact boat of it. This I did, indeed, without fire, by mere mallet and chisel, and by the dint of hard labor, till I had brought it to be a very handsome canoe, big enough to have carried six and twenty men, and consequently big enough to have carried me and all my cargo.

When I had gone through this work I was extremely delighted with it. The boat was really much bigger than ever I saw a canoe that was made of one tree. Many a weary stroke it had cost, you may be sure, and there remained nothing but to get it into the water, which, had I accomplished, I make no question but I should have begun the maddest voyage, and the most unlikely to be performed, that ever was undertaken.



But all my devices to get it into the water failed me, though they cost me inexpressible labor too. It lay about one hundred yards from the water, and not more; but the first inconvenience was, it was uphill towards the creek.

5 Well, to take away this discouragement I resolved to dig into the surface of the earth and so make a declivity; this I began, and it cost me a prodigious deal of pains. When this was worked through, and this difficulty managed, it was still much the same, for I could not stir the

10 canoe. Then I measured the distance of ground and resolved to cut a dock or canal to bring the water up to the canoe, seeing I could not bring the canoe down to the water. I began this work, but when I came to enter upon it and calculate how deep it was to be dug, how broad,

15 and how the stuff was to be thrown out, I found that it must have been ten or twelve years before I could have gone through with it. This attempt, though with great reluctance, I was at length obliged to give over also.

This grieved me heartily; and now I saw, though too

20 late, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it.

In the middle of this work I finished my fourth year in this place and kept my anniversary with the same devotion as before. I had gained, however, a different knowledge, and I entertained different notions of things. I had nothing to covet, for I had all that I was now

capable of enjoying. If I pleased, I might call myself king or emperor over the whole country. I had enough to eat and supply my wants and what was the rest to me?

In a word, I found that all the good things of this world are of no farther good to us than for our use. The most 5 covetous miser in the world would have been cured of the vice of covetousness if he had been in my case, for I possessed infinitely more than I knew what to do with. I had a parcel of money, — about thirty-six pounds sterling. Alas! there the sorry, useless stuff lay. I had no manner 10 of business for it, and I often thought that I would have given a handful of it for a hand mill to grind my corn; nay, I would have given it all for sixpenny worth of turnip and carrot seed from England, or for a handful of peas and beans and a bottle of ink. As it was, I had not 15 the least advantage by it; but there it lay in a drawer and grew moldy with the damp of the cave in the wet seasons. And if I had had the drawer full of diamonds, it had been the same case; they would have been no manner of value to me because of no use. 20

As for my first boat, I was obliged to let it lie where it was as a memorandum to teach me to be wiser the next time.

were doing: the common form *being done* is of modern origin. — **without tools**: such canoes are often burned out instead of being shaped with tools. — **preposterous**: wholly absurd. — **give over**: give up.

THE POET'S VISION

JOHN KEATS

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821) was a noted English poet. Although his life was short, his works show rare genius. The following lines are from "I stood Tiptoe upon a Little Hill."

- Linger awhile upon some bending planks
 5 That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
 And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
 They will be found softer than ring-dove's cooings.
 How silent comes the water round that bend!
 Not the minutest whisper does it send
 10 To the o'erhanging willows: blades of grass
 Slowly across the chequered shadows pass.
 Why, you might read two sonnets ere they reach
 To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
 A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds,
 15 Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
 Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
 To taste the luxury of sunny beams
 Tempered with coolness. . . .
 The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
 20 And cool themselves among the emerald tresses;
 The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
 And moisture, that the bowery green may live.

rushy: fringed with rushes. — minutest: faintest. — willows: willows.
 — aye: always. — bowery: shaded like a bower.

THE LOON

HENRY D. THOREAU

HENRY D. THOREAU (1817-1862) was an American writer whose books reflect the freedom of life which he enjoyed. For two years he lived as a hermit on the shores of Walden Pond, near Concord, Massachusetts, and there established intimate relations with the birds and wild creatures about him. "Fishes swam into his hand; he pulled the woodchuck out of its 5 hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters." *Walden* is the record of his life at this time, and mingles matters of fact with personal experience and philosophy.

As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October afternoon, having looked over the pond in vain 10 for a loon, suddenly one, sailing out from the shore toward the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his wild laugh and betrayed himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up I was nearer than before. He dived again, but I miscalculated the direction he would 15 take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval; and again he laughed long and loud, and with more reason than before.

He maneuvered so cunningly that I could not get within 20 half a dozen rods of him. Each time when he came to the surface, turning his head this way and that, he coolly surveyed the water and the land, and apparently chose his course so that he might come up where there was the widest

expanse of water and at the greatest distance from the boat. It was surprising how quickly he made up his mind and put his resolve into execution. He led me at once to the widest part of the pond and could not be driven from
 5 it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain I was endeavoring to divine his thought in mine. It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon.

Suddenly your adversary's checker disappears beneath
 10 the board, and the problem is to place yours nearest to where his will appear again. Sometimes the loon would come up unexpectedly on the opposite side of me, having apparently passed directly under the boat. So long-winded was he, and so unwearable, that when he had swum farthest
 15 he would immediately plunge again, and then no wit could divine where in the deep pond, beneath the smooth surface, he might be speeding his way like a fish, for he had time and ability to visit the bottom of the pond in its deepest part. How surprised must the fishes be to see this ungainly
 20 visitor from another sphere speeding his way amid their schools! Yet he appeared to know his course as surely under water as on the surface, and swam much faster there. Once or twice I saw a ripple where he approached the surface, just put his head out to reconnoiter, and instantly
 25 dived again. I found that it was as well for me to rest on my oars and wait his reappearing as to endeavor to calculate where he would rise; for again and again, when I was

straining my eyes over the surface one way, I would suddenly be startled by his unearthly laugh behind me. But why, after displaying so much cunning, did he invariably betray himself the moment he came up by that loud laugh? He was, indeed, a silly loon, I thought.

5

His usual note was this demoniac laughter, but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and had risen a long way off, he uttered a long-drawn unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning, — perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources.

Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air, and the smoothness of the water were all against him. At length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of those prolonged howls, as if calling on the god of loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as if it were the prayer of the loon answered, and his god was angry with me; and so I left him disappearing far away on the tumultuous surface.

From *Walden*

demo'niac: belonging to a demon or evil spirit.

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1830-1886) was for a long time the representative Southern poet, honored and beloved throughout the land.

Oh, fresh, how fresh and fair
 Through the crystal gulfs of air,
 5 The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of
 balm!

And the green earth lapped in bliss,
 To the magic of her kiss
 Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested
 10 calm.

From the distant tropic strand,
 Where the billows, bright and bland,
 Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint
 undertune,
 15 From its fields of purpling flowers
 Still wet with fragrant showers,
 The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms
 of June.

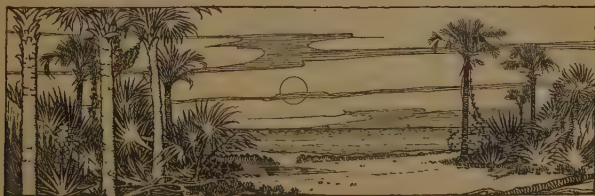
All heavenly fancies rise
 20 On the perfume of her sighs,
 Which steep the inmost spirit in a language rare and fine,
 And a peace more pure than sleep's

Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
 Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides
 divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
 So mystical and tender, 5
 Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings they gird their mean-
 ing round,
 And those waters calling, calling,
 With a nameless charm, enthralling,
 Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of 10
 sound.

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
 Grows the preternatural glimmer
 Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle
 wings of balm; 15
 For behold! its spirit flieth,
 And its fairy murmur dieth,
 And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless
 calm.

subtle: not easily perceived. — gird: wrap or encircle. — preternatural:
 uncommon.



THE SNOW IMAGE—I

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, one of the most distinguished of American writers, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1804, and died in Plymouth, New Hampshire, in 1864. His early life was a lonely one, and his books, though full of delicate imagery, often have a strangely
 5 melancholy tone. The following lesson is abridged from one of his fanciful tales.

One afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and
 10 play in the new-fallen snow. The elder child was a little girl, whom her parents used to call Violet. Her brother was known by the name of Peony, on account of the rudeness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers.
 15 The father of these two children, a certain Mr. Lindsey, it is important to say, was an excellent man, a dealer in hardware, and was sturdily accustomed to take what is called the common-sense view of all matters that came under his consideration. The mother's character, on the
 20 other hand, had a strain of poetry in it that had survived out of her imaginative youth.

The children dwelt in a city, and had no wider play-place than a little garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear tree and two

or three plum trees overshadowing it, and some rosebushes just in front of the parlor windows. The trees and shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were enveloped in the light snow.

"Yes, Violet, — yes, my little Peony," said their kind 5 mother, "you may go out and play in the new snow."

Accordingly the good lady bundled up her darlings in woolen jackets and wadded sacks, and put comforters round their necks, and a pair of striped gaiters on each little pair of legs, and worsted mittens on their hands, and 10 gave them a kiss apiece by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost. Forth sallied the two children with a hop, skip, and jump that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snowdrift, whence Violet emerged like a snow bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his 15 round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time had they! To look at them frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose than to provide a new plaything for them. 20

At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. Let us make an image out of snow, — an image of a little girl, — and it shall be 25 our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

“Oh, yes!” cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy; “that will be nice! And mamma shall see it!”

“Yes,” answered Violet, “mamma shall see the new
5 little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor, for you know our little snow sister will not love the warmth.”

And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow image that should run about; while their
10 mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow.

15 Violet assumed the chief direction and told Peony what to do, while with her own delicate fingers she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow figure. It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children as to grow up under their hands while they were playing and prattling
20 about it. Their mother was quite surprised at this, and the longer she looked the more surprised she grew.

“O Violet,” said Peony, in his bluff tone, — but a very sweet tone, too, — as he came floundering through the half-trodden drifts, “how beau-ti-ful she begins to look!”
25 “Yes,” said Violet, thoughtfully and quietly, “our snow sister does look very lovely. I did not quite know, Peony, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this.”

The mother, as she listened, thought how fit and delightful an incident it would be if fairies, or, still better, if angel children were to come from paradise and play invisibly with her own darlings, and help them to make their snow image, giving it the features of celestial babyhood! 5

“My little girl and boy deserve such playmates, if mortal children ever did,” said the mother to herself; and then she smiled again at her own motherly pride.

Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest but indistinct hum of the two children’s voices, as Violet 10 and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit, while Peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter, too. 15

“Peony, Peony!” cried Violet, — for her brother was again at the other side of the garden, — “bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to 20 make some ringlets for our snow sister’s head.”

“Here they are, Violet,” answered the little boy. “Take care you do not break them. Well done! well done! how pretty!”

“Is she not lovely?” said Violet, in a satisfied tone. 25 “And now we must have some little shining bits of ice to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet.



Mamma will see how very beautiful she is ; but papa will say, ‘Nonsense ! Come in out of the cold !’ ”

“Let us call mamma to look out,” said Peony ; and then he shouted lustily, “Mamma ! mamma !! mamma !!!
5 look out and see what a nice little girl we are making !”

The mother put down her work for an instant and looked out of the window. Through all the bright, blinding dazzle of the sun and the new snow she beheld a small white figure in the garden that seemed to have a wonderful deal of human likeness about it. And she saw 5 Violet and Peony — indeed, she looked more at them than at the image — still at work, Peony bringing fresh snow, and Violet applying it to the figure as scientifically as a sculptor adds clay to his model. Indistinctly as she discerned the snow child, the mother thought to herself that 10 never before was there a snow figure so cunningly made, nor ever such a dear little girl and boy to make it.

“They do everything better than other children,” said she, very complacently; “no wonder they make better snow images.” 15

She sat down again to her work, and made as much haste with it as possible, because twilight would soon come. The children, likewise, kept busily at work in the garden, and still the mother listened, whenever she could catch a word. She was amused to observe how their little 20 imaginations had got mixed up with what they were doing, and carried away by it. They seemed positively to think that the snow child would run about and play with them.

“What a nice playmate she will be for us all winter 25 long!” said Violet. “I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold. Shan’t you love her dearly, Peony?”

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony; "and I will hug her, and she shall sit down close by me, and drink some of my warm milk."

"Oh, no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom;
 5 "that will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow sister. Little snow people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink."

There was a minute or two of silence, for Peony, whose
 10 short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden Violet cried out loudly and joyfully:

"Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud, and
 15 the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful!"

"Yes, it is beau-ti-ful!" answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. "O Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!"

"Oh, certainly," said Violet, with tranquillity, as if it
 20 were very much a matter of course; "that color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now."

Just then there came a breeze of the pure west wind sweeping through the garden and rattling the windows.
 25 It sounded so wintry cold that the mother was about to tap on the window pane with her thimble finger to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her.

The tone was not a tone of surprise, although they were evidently a good deal excited; it appeared rather as if they were very much rejoiced at some event that had now happened, but which they had been looking for, and had reckoned upon all along.

5

“Mamma! mamma! we have finished our little snow sister, and she is running about the garden with us!”

“What imaginative little beings my children are!” thought the mother. “And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are. I can hardly help believing, now, that the snow image has really come to life.”

“Dear mamma,” cried Violet, “pray look out and see what a sweet playmate we have!”

THE SNOW IMAGE — II

The sun was now gone out of the sky, and there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle, either on the window or on the snow, so that the good lady could look all over the garden, and see everything and everybody in it. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but whom or what did she see besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children! The mother thought

15

20

that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite
5 the little runaway to come in.

But, after opening the door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child
10 after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west wind. There was certainly something very singular in the aspect of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood, the lady could remem-
15 ber no such face, with its pure white, and delicate rose color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks. And as for her dress, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl when sending her out to play in the depth of winter. It made
20 this kind and careful mother shiver only to look at those small feet, with nothing in the world on them, except a very thin pair of white slippers. Nevertheless, airily as she was clad, the child seemed to feel not the slightest inconvenience from the cold, but danced so lightly over the
25 snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface, while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

Once, in the course of their play, the strange child placed herself between Violet and Peony, and, taking a hand of each, skipped merrily forward, and they along with her. Almost immediately, however, Peony pulled away his little fist and began to rub it as if the fingers were tingling with cold, while Violet also released herself, gravely remarking that it was better not to take hold of hands. The white-robed damsel said not a word, but danced about, just as merrily as before. If Violet and Peony did not choose to play with her, she could make just as good a playmate of the brisk and cold west wind, which kept blowing her about the garden. All this while the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snowdrift, or how a snowdrift could look so very like a little girl. 15

She called Violet and whispered to her. "Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow sister whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother and looking up simply into her face, "this is our snow image! Is it not a nice little child?" 25

At this instant a flock of snow birds came flitting through the air. As was very natural, they avoided

Violet and Peony, but — and this looked strange — they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered eagerly about her head, alighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her as an old acquaintance. She, on her part, was
 5 evidently as glad to see these little birds, old Winter's grandchildren, as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding out both her hands. Hereupon they each and all tried to alight on her two palms and ten small fingers and thumbs, crowding one another off, with
 10 an immense fluttering of their tiny wings. One dear little bird nestled tenderly in her bosom; another put its bill to her lips. They were as joyous all the while and seemed as much in their element as you may have seen them when sporting with a snowstorm.

15 Violet and Peony stood laughing at this pretty sight, for they enjoyed the merry time which their new playmate was having with these small-winged visitants almost as much as if they themselves took part in it.

“Violet,” said her mother, greatly perplexed, “tell me
 20 the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?”

“My darling mamma,” answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, “I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow image, which
 25 Peony and I have been making.”

“Yes, mamma,” asseverated Peony, with much gravity.
 “But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!”

While she still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was thrown open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a heavy coat, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise at finding the whole family in the open air on so bleak a day, and after sunset too. He soon perceived the little white stranger sporting to and fro in the garden. 5 10

“Pray, what little girl may that be?” inquired this very sensible man. “Surely her mother must be crazy to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day with only that flimsy white gown and those thin slippers!”

“My dear husband,” said his wife, “I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor’s child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony,” she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, “insist that she is nothing but a snow image, which they have been busy about in the garden almost all the afternoon.” 15 20

As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes toward the spot where the children’s snow image had been made. What was her surprise on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor!—no image at all! no piled up heap of snow!—nothing whatever, save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space! 25

“This is very strange!” said she.

"What is strange, dear mother?" asked Violet. "Dear father, do not you see how it is? This is our snow image, which Peony and I have made because we wanted another playmate."

5 "Nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come! This little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her in and give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as com-
10 fortable as we can."

So saying, this kind-hearted man was going toward the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.

15 "Dear father," cried Violet, putting herself before him, "it is true what I have been telling you. This is our little snow girl. Do not make her come into the hot room."

"Yes, father," shouted Peony, stamping his little foot, so mightily was he in earnest; "she will not love the
20 hot fire!"

"Nonsense, children; nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half vexed, half laughing at what he considered their foolish obstinacy. "Run into the house this moment! It is too late to play any longer, now. I must
25 take care of this little girl immediately."

"Husband! dear husband!" said his wife in a low voice,—for she had been looking narrowly at the snow

child and was more perplexed than ever, — “there is something very singular in all this. You will think me foolish, — but — but — may it not be that some invisible angel has been attracted by the simplicity and good faith with which our children set about their undertaking? 5 May he not have spent an hour of his immortality in playing with those dear little souls? And so the result is what we call a miracle. No, no! Do not laugh at me. I see what a foolish thought it is.”

“My dear wife,” replied the husband, laughing heartily, 10 “you are as much a child as Violet and Peony.”

But now kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him. The little white damsel fled backward, shaking her head as if to say, “Pray, do not touch 15 me!” and roguishly, as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow. Once the good man stumbled, and floundered down upon his face, so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough coat, he looked as white and wintry as a snow image of the 20 largest size. Some of the neighbors, meanwhile, seeing him from their windows, wondered what could possess poor Mr. Lindsey to be running about his garden in pursuit of a snowdrift, which the west wind was driving hither and thither. At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased 25 the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him.

“Come, you odd little thing,” he cried, seizing her by the hand, “I have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We will put a warm pair of stockings on your frozen little feet, and you shall have
5 a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten, but we will make it all right. Come along in.”

And so this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow child by the hand and led her towards the house.
10 She followed him, drooping and reluctant. As he led her up the steps to the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face,—their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks,—and again entreated him not to bring their snow image into the house.

15 “Not bring her in!” exclaimed the kind-hearted man. “Why, you are crazy, my little Violet!—quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold already that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?”

20 His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest look at the little stranger.

“After all,” said the mother, recurring to her idea that the angels would be as much delighted to play with Violet and Peony as she herself was, “she does look strangely
25 like a snow image! I do believe she is made of snow!”

A puff of the west wind blew against the snow child, and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

Sad, sad and drooping, looked the little white maiden 5 as she stood on the hearth rug. Once she threw a glance wistfully toward the windows, and caught a glimpse of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window panes as if it were summoning 10 her to come forth. And there stood the snow child, drooping before the hot fire! But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

"Come, wife," said he, "let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woolen shawl or blanket directly; and 15 tell Dora to give her some warm supper. I will go around among the neighbors and find out where she belongs."

The mother, meanwhile, had gone in search of the shawl and stockings. Without heeding his two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow sister did 20 not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure. He had barely reached the street gate, when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony, and the rapping of a thimble finger against the window.

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife, showing her 25 horror-stricken face through the windowpanes; "there is no need of going for the child's parents!"

“We told you so, father!” screamed Violet and Peony, as he reëntered the parlor. “You would bring her in; and now our poor—dear—beau-ti-ful little snow sister is thawed!”

5 And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears, so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this everyday world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! In the utmost perplexity he demanded an explanation of his
10 wife. She could only reply that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth rug.

15 But, after all, there is no teaching anything to wise men of good Mr. Lindsey’s stamp. They know everything,—oh, to be sure!—everything that has been, and everything that is, and everything that, by any future possibility, can be.

20 “Wife,” said Mr. Lindsey, after a fit of silence, “see what a quantity of snow the children have brought in on their feet! Pray tell Dora to bring some towels and sop it up!”

Pe’ony: the name of a large, bright-colored flower. — **phiz** (a contraction of *physiognomy*): face. — **spell**: charm. — **snow bunting**: a kind of snow bird. It is chiefly white varied with black or brown.



THE ROBIN

SIDNEY LANIER

SIDNEY LANIER (1842–1881) was a gifted Southern poet. His work, though sometimes unconventional in form, was full of richness and color. In musical quality his verse has rarely been surpassed.

The robin laughed in the orange tree :

“Ho, windy North, a fig for thee !

5

While breasts are red and wings are bold

And green trees wave us globes of gold,

Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me,

Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

“I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime ;

10

My wing is king of the summer time ;

My breast to the sun his torch shall hold ;

And I'll call down through the green and gold,

Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,

Bestir thee under the orange tree !”

15

a fig for thee : the value of a fig, — practically nothing. An expression used to express contempt. — **south** : go south. — **to the 'sun his torch shall hold** : shall rekindle its fiery color from the sun. — **bestir thee** : stir thyself.

GOVERNOR MANCO AND THE SOLDIER—I

WASHINGTON IRVING

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859) was the first American man of letters to win the attention of European readers. He lived for many years abroad, but his ambition was always to return to his native land. In his Dutch cottage on the Hudson he spent the latter part of his life, happy in
 5 his work and in the companionship of his friends.

While Governor Manco kept up a show of military state in the Alhambra, he became nettled at the reproaches continually cast upon his fortress of being the nestling place of rogues. On a sudden the old potentate determined on
 10 reform, and, settling vigorously at work, ejected whole nests of vagabonds out of the fortress and the gypsy caves with which the surrounding hills are honeycombed. He sent out soldiers, also, to patrol the avenues and footpaths, with orders to take up all suspicious persons.

15 One bright summer morning a patrol, consisting of a testy old corporal, a trumpeter, and two privates, was seated under the garden wall, when they heard the tramp of a horse and a voice singing, in rough though not unmusical tones, an old Castilian campaigning song.

20 Presently they beheld a sturdy, sunburnt fellow, clad in the ragged garb of a foot soldier, leading a powerful Arabian horse.

Astonished at the sight of a strange soldier, the corporal stepped forth and challenged him.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Who and what are you?"

"A poor soldier just from the wars, with a cracked crown and an empty purse for a reward."

5

By this time they were enabled to view him more narrowly. He had a black patch across his forehead, and a grizzled beard, while a slight squint threw into his countenance an occasional gleam of roguish good humor.

Having answered the questions of the patrol, the soldier 10 seemed to consider himself entitled to make others in return. "May I ask," said he, "what that city is which I see at the foot of the hill?"

"What city?" cried the trumpeter. "Come, that's too bad. Here's a fellow lurking about the mountain of the 15 sun, and demands the name of the great city of Granada!"

"Granada! Can it be possible?"

"And perhaps," rejoined the trumpeter, "you have no idea that yonder are the towers of the Alhambra."

"If this indeed be the Alhambra," replied the stranger, 20 "I have some strange matters to reveal to the governor."

"You will have an opportunity," replied the corporal, "for we mean to take you before him." By this time the trumpeter had seized the bridle of the steed and the two 25 privates had each secured an arm of the soldier; the corporal putting himself in front, gave the word, "Forward — march!" and away they marched for the Alhambra.

The sight of a ragged soldier and a fine Arabian horse, brought in captive by the patrol, attracted the attention of all the idlers of the fortress, and of those gossip groups that generally assemble about wells and fountains at early dawn. The wheel of the cistern paused in its rotations, and the slipshod servant maid stood gaping, with pitcher in hand, as the corporal passed by with his prize. A motley train gradually gathered in the rear of the escort.

Governor Manco was seated in one of the inner halls of the Alhambra, taking his morning's cup of chocolate in company with his confessor from the neighboring convent. A demure, dark-eyed damsel of Malaga, the daughter of his housekeeper, was attending upon him.

When word was brought that a suspicious stranger had been taken lurking about the fortress, and was actually in the outer court waiting the pleasure of his Excellency, the pride and stateliness of office swelled the bosom of the governor. Giving back his chocolate cup into the hands of the damsel, he called for his basket-hilted sword, girded it to his side, twirled up his mustaches, took his seat in a large high-backed chair, assumed a bitter and forbidding aspect, and ordered the prisoner into his presence. The soldier was brought in, still closely pinioned by his captors and guarded by the corporal. He maintained, however, a resolute, self-confident air, and returned the sharp, scrutinizing look of the governor with an easy squint, which by no means pleased the punctilious old potentate.

"Well, culprit," said the governor, after he had regarded him for a moment in silence, "what have you to say for yourself? Who are you?"

"A soldier from the wars, who has brought away nothing but scars and bruises." 5

"A soldier! Humph! A foot soldier by your garb. I understand you have a fine Arabian horse. I presume you brought him, too, from the wars, besides your scars and bruises."

"May it please your Excellency, I have something 10 strange to tell about that horse: something, too, that concerns the security of this fortress,—indeed, of all Granada. But it is a matter to be imparted only to your private ear, or in the presence of such only as are in your confidence." 15

The governor considered for a moment and then directed the corporal and his men to withdraw, but to post themselves outside the door and be ready at a call. When this had been done, the soldier commenced his story. He was a fluent, smooth-tongued varlet, and had a command 20 of language above his apparent rank. "May it please your Excellency," said he, "I am, as I before observed, a soldier, and have seen some hard service; but my term of enlistment being expired, I was discharged not long since, and set out on foot for my native village in Andalusia. 25 Yesterday evening the sun went down as I was traversing a great dry plain of Old Castile."

"Hold!" cried the governor. "What is this you say? Old Castile is some two or three hundred miles from this."

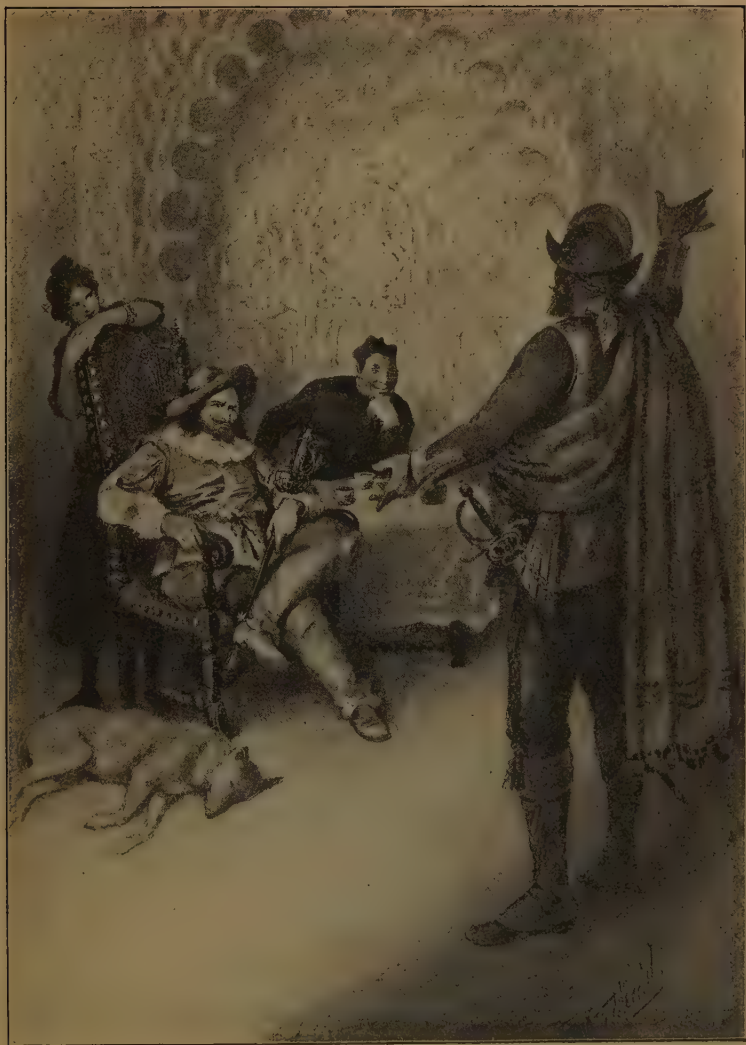
"Even so," replied the soldier, coolly. "I told your Excellency I had some strange things to relate; but not 5 more strange than true, as your Excellency will find, if you will deign me a patient hearing."

"Proceed, culprit," said the governor, twirling up his mustaches.

"As the sun went down," continued the soldier, "I cast 10 my eyes about in search of quarters for the night, but as far as my sight could reach, there were no signs of habitation. I saw that I should have to make my bed on the naked plain, with my knapsack for a pillow; but your Excellency is an old soldier, and knows that to one who 15 has been in the wars such a night's lodging is no great hardship."

The governor nodded assent, as he drew his pocket handkerchief out of the basket hilt to drive away a fly that buzzed about his nose.

20 "Well, to make a long story short," continued the soldier, "I trudged forward for several miles until I came to a bridge over a deep ravine, through which ran a little thread of water almost dried up by the summer heat. At one end of the bridge was a Moorish tower, with the upper 25 end all in ruins, but with a vault in the foundation quite entire. Here, thought I, is a good place to make a halt; so I went down to the stream and took a hearty drink,



for the water was pure and sweet and I was parched with thirst; then, opening my wallet, I took out an onion and a few crusts which were all my provisions, and, seating myself on a stone on the margin of the stream, began to
 5 make my supper, intending afterwards to quarter myself for the night in the vault of the tower; and capital quarters they would have been for a campaigner just from the wars, as your Excellency, who is an old soldier, may suppose."

10 "I have put up gladly with worse in my time," said the governor, returning his pocket handkerchief to the hilt of his sword.

"While I was quietly crunching my crust," pursued the soldier, "I heard something stir within the vault. I lis-
 15 tened; it was the tramp of a horse. By and by a man came forth from a door in the foundation of the tower, close by the water's edge, leading a powerful horse by the bridle.

"He led his horse to the water close by where I was
 20 sitting, so that I had a fair opportunity of reconnoitering him. To my surprise he was dressed in Moorish garb, with a cuirass of steel, and a polished skullcap that I distinguished by the reflection of the stars upon it. His horse, too, was harnessed in the Moresco fashion with
 25 great shovel stirrups. He led him, as I said, to the side of the stream, into which the animal plunged his head almost to the eyes.

“‘Comrade,’ said I, ‘your steed drinks well; it is a good sign when a horse plunges his muzzle bravely into the water.’

“‘He may well drink,’ said the stranger, speaking with a Moorish accent; ‘it is a good year since he had his last draught.’

“‘That beats even the camels I have seen in Africa,’ said I. ‘But come, you seem to be something of a soldier; will you sit down and take part of a soldier’s fare?’

“‘I have no time to pause for meat or drink,’ said he; ‘I have a long journey to make before morning.’

“‘In which direction?’ said I.

“‘Andalusia,’ said he.

“‘Exactly my route,’ said I; ‘so, as you won’t stop and eat with me, perhaps you will let me mount and ride with you. I see that your horse is of a powerful frame; I’ll warrant he’ll carry double.’

“‘Agreed,’ said the trooper; and it would not have been civil and soldierlike to refuse, especially as I had offered to share my supper with him. So up he mounted, and up I mounted behind him.

“‘Hold fast,’ said he; ‘my steed goes like the wind.’

“‘Never fear me,’ said I, and so off we set.

“From a walk the horse soon passed into a trot, from a trot to a gallop, and from a gallop to a harum-scarum scamper. It seemed as if rocks, trees, houses, everything, flew hurry-scurry behind us.

“‘What town is this?’ said I.

“‘Segovia,’ said he; and before the word was out of his mouth the towers of Segovia were out of sight. We swept up the Guadarama Mountains, and down by the 5 Escorial; and we skirted the walls of Madrid, and we scoured away across the plains of La Mancha. In this way we went up hill and down dale, by towers and cities, all buried in deep sleep, and across mountains and plains and rivers just glimmering in the starlight.

10 “To make a long story short, and not to fatigue your Excellency, the trooper suddenly pulled up on the side of a mountain. ‘Here we are,’ said he, ‘at the end of our journey.’

GOVERNOR MANCO AND THE SOLDIER — II

“I looked about, but could see no signs of habitation; 15 nothing but the mouth of a cavern. While I looked, I saw multitudes of people in Moorish dress, some on horse-back, some on foot, arriving as if borne by the wind, from all points of the compass, and hurrying into the mouth of the cavern like bees into a hive. Before I could ask a 20 question, the trooper struck his long Moorish spurs into the horse’s flanks and dashed in with the throng. We passed along a steep, winding way that descended into the very bowels of the mountain. As we pushed on, a light began to glimmer up, by little and little, like the 25 first glimmerings of day, but what caused it I could not

discern. It grew stronger and stronger, and enabled me to see everything around. I now noticed, as we passed along, great caverns, opening to the right and left, like halls in an arsenal. In some there were shields and helmets and cuirasses and lances and scimitars, hanging 5 against the walls; in others were great heaps of warlike munitions and camp equipage lying upon the ground.

“It would have done your Excellency’s heart good, being an old soldier, to have seen such grand provision for war. Then in other caverns there were long rows of 10 horsemen armed to the teeth, with lances raised and banners unfurled, ready for the field; but they all sat motionless in their saddles, like so many statues. In other halls were warriors sleeping on the ground beside their horses, and foot soldiers in groups ready to fall into the ranks. 15 All were in old-fashioned Moorish dress and armor.

“Well, your Excellency, to cut a long story short, we at length entered an immense cavern, or I may say palace of grotto work, the walls of which seemed to be veined with gold and silver, and to sparkle with diamonds and 20 sapphires and all kinds of precious stones. At the upper end sat a Moorish king on a golden throne, with his nobles on each side, and a guard of African blacks with drawn scimitars. All the crowd that continued to flock in — and it amounted to thousands and thousands — passed one by 25 one before his throne, each paying homage as he passed. Some of the multitude were dressed in magnificent robes,

Cave

without stain or blemish, and sparkling with jewels; others in burnished and enameled armor; while others were in moldered and mildewed garments, and in armor all battered and dented, and covered with rust.

5 “I had hitherto held my tongue, for your Excellency well knows it is not for a soldier to ask many questions when on duty, but I could keep silent no longer.

“‘Prithee, comrade,’ said I, ‘what is the meaning of all this?’

10 “‘This,’ said the trooper, ‘is a great and fearful mystery. Know, O Christian, that you see before you the court and army of Boabdil, the last king of Granada.’

“‘What is this you tell me?’ cried I. ‘Boabdil and his court were exiled from the land hundreds of years
15 ago, and all died in Africa.’

“‘So it is recorded in your lying chronicles,’ replied the Moor; ‘but know that Boabdil and the warriors who made the last struggle for Granada were all shut up in the mountain by powerful enchantment. As for the king
20 and army that marched forth from Granada at the time of the surrender, they were a mere phantom train of spirits and demons, permitted to assume those shapes to deceive the Christian sovereigns. And, furthermore, let me tell you, friend, that all Spain is a country under the
25 power of enchantment. There is not a mountain cave, not a lonely watch tower in the plains, nor a ruined castle on the hills, but has some spellbound warriors sleeping

from age to age within its vaults. Once every year, on the Eve of St. John, they are released from enchantment, from sunset to sunrise, and permitted to repair here to pay homage to their sovereign; and the crowds which you beheld swarming into the cavern are Moslem warriors 5 from their haunts in all parts of Spain. For my part, you saw the ruined tower of the bridge in Old Castile, where I have now wintered and summered for many hundred years, and where I must be back again by daybreak. As to the battalions of horse and foot which you beheld 10 drawn up in array in the neighboring caverns, they are the spellbound warriors of Granada. It is written in the book of fate that, when the enchantment is broken, Boabdil will descend from the mountain at the head of this army, resume his throne in the Alhambra and his sway 15 of Granada, and, gathering together the enchanted warriors from all parts of Spain, will reconquer the Peninsula and restore it to Moslem rule.'

" 'And when shall this happen?' said I.

" 'Allah alone knows. We had hoped that the day of 20 deliverance was at hand; but there reigns at present a vigilant governor in the Alhambra, a stanch old soldier, well known as Governor Manco. While such a warrior holds command of the very outpost, and stands ready to check the first irruption from the mountain, I fear Boab- 25 dil and his soldiery must be content to rest upon their arms.' "

Here the governor raised himself somewhat perpendicularly, adjusted his sword, and twirled up his mustaches.

“To make a long story short, and not to fatigue your Excellency, the trooper, having given me this account, 5 dismounted from his steed.

“‘Tarry here,’ said he, ‘and guard my steed while I go and bow the knee to Boabdil.’ So saying he strode away among the throng that pressed forward to the throne.

10 “‘What’s to be done?’ thought I, when thus left to myself; ‘shall I wait here, or shall I make the most of my time and beat a retreat from this hobgoblin community?’ A soldier’s mind is soon made up, as your Excellency well knows. As to the horse, he belonged to an 15 avowed enemy of the faith and the realm, and was a fair prize according to the rules of war. So, hoisting myself into the saddle, I turned the reins, struck the Moorish stirrups into the sides of the steed, and put him to make the best of his way out of the passage by which he had 20 entered. As we scoured by the halls where the Moslem horsemen sat in motionless battalions, I thought I heard the clang of armor and a hollow murmur of voices. I gave the steed another taste of the stirrups and doubled my speed. There was now a sound behind me like a rushing 25 blast; I heard the clatter of a thousand hoofs; a countless throng overtook me. I was borne along in the press and hurled forth from the mouth of the cavern,

while thousands of shadowy forms were swept off in every direction by the four winds of heaven.

“In the whirl and confusion of the scene I was thrown senseless to the earth. When I came to myself I was lying on the brow of a hill, with the Arabian steed standing beside me; for in falling, my arm had slipped within the 5
bridle, which, I presume, prevented his whisking off to Old Castile.

“Your Excellency may easily judge of my surprise, in looking round, to behold the hedges of aloes and Indian 10
figs, and other proofs of a southern climate, and to see a great city below me, with towers and palaces and a grand cathedral.

“I descended the hill cautiously, leading my steed, for I was afraid to mount him again, lest he should play me 15
some slippery trick. As I descended, I met your patrol, who let me into the secret that it was Granada that lay before me, and that I was actually under the walls of the Alhambra, the fortress of the redoubted Governor Manco, the terror of all enchanted Moslems. When I heard this, 20
I determined at once to seek your Excellency, to inform you of all that I had seen, and to warn you of the perils that surround and undermine you.”

“And prithee, friend, you who are a veteran campaigner, and have seen so much service,” said the governor, “how 25
should you advise me to proceed in order to prevent this evil?”

"It is not for a humble private of the ranks," said the soldier, modestly, "to pretend to instruct a commander of your Excellency's sagacity; but it appears to me that your excellency might cause all the caves and entrances into
5 the mountains to be walled up with solid mason work, so that Boabdil and his army might be completely corked up in their subterranean habitation."

The governor placed his arm akimbo, with his hand resting on the hilt of his Toledo, fixed his eye upon the
10 soldier, and gently wagging his head from one side to the other, "So, friend," said he, "then you really suppose that I am to be gulled with this cock-and-bull story about enchanted mountains and enchanted Moors? Hark ye, culprit; not another word! An old soldier you may be;
15 but you'll find you have an older soldier to deal with, and one not easily outgeneraled. Ho! guards there! Put this fellow in irons. A chamber in the Vermilion Towers, which, though not under a magic spell, will hold him as safe as any cave of the enchanted Moors."

20 "Your Excellency will do as you think proper," said the prisoner, coolly. "I shall be thankful for any accommodation in the fortress. A soldier who has been in the wars, as your Excellency well knows, is not particular about his lodgings. Provided I have a snug dungeon, and
25 regular rations, I shall manage to make myself comfortable. I would only entreat that, while your Excellency is so careful about me, you would have an eye to your

fortress, and think of the hint I dropped about stopping up the entrances to the mountain."

Here ended the scene. The prisoner was conducted to a strong dungeon in the Vermilion Towers, and the Arabian steed was led to his Excellency's stable. 5

In the mean time the story took wind and became the talk, not merely of the fortress, but of the whole city of Granada. It was said that the noted robber, Manuel Borasco, had fallen into the clutches of old Governor Manco, and had been cooped up by him in a dungeon of 10 the Vermilion Towers; and all who had been robbed by him flocked to recognize the marauder.

The Vermilion Towers, as is well known, stand apart from the Alhambra, on a sister hill, separated from the main fortress by a ravine down which passes the main 15 avenue. There were no outer walls, but a sentinel patrolled before the tower. The window of the chamber in which the soldier was confined was strongly grated, and looked upon a small esplanade. Here the good folks of Granada repaired to gaze at him, as they would at a 20 laughing hyena, grinning through the cage of a menagerie.

Nobody, however, recognized him for Manuel Borasco, for that terrible robber was noted for a ferocious physiognomy, and had by no means the good-humored squint of the prisoner. Visitors came not merely from the city, but 25 from all parts of the country; but nobody knew him, and there began to be doubts in the minds of the common

people whether there might not be some truth in his story. That Boabdil and his army were shut up in the mountain was an old tradition which many of the ancient inhabitants had heard from their fathers.

5 Numbers went up to the mountain of the sun in search of the cave mentioned by the soldier, and saw and peeped into the deep, dark pit, descending, no one knows how far, into the mountain.

By degrees the soldier became popular with the com-
10 mon people. He procured an old guitar, and would sit by his window and sing ballads, to the delight of the women of the neighborhood, who would assemble on the esplanade in the evening and dance to his music.

One morning the sun rose high above the mountain
15 tops and glittered in at the casement of the governor ere he was awakened from his morning dreams by his veteran corporal, who stood before him with terror stamped upon his iron visage.

"He's off! he's gone!" cried the corporal, gasping for
20 breath.

"Who's off? who's gone?"

"The soldier. His dungeon is empty, but the door is locked!"

But how, and which way had the fugitive escaped? An
25 old peasant who lived in a cottage by the roadside, leading up into the Sierra, declared that he had heard the tramp of a powerful steed just before daybreak, passing

up into the mountains. He had looked out at his casement, and could just distinguish a horseman.

“Search the stables!” cried Governor Manco. The stables were searched; all the horses were in their stalls, excepting the Arabian steed. In his place was a stout cudgel tied to the manger, and on it a label bearing these words, “A gift to Governor Manco from an Old Soldier.”⁵

Abridged from *The Alhambra*

Alhambra (āl hām' brā): a Moorish fortress and palace in Spain. It is located above the city of Granada, and surrounds beautiful courts filled with flowers. It derives its name, signifying *The Red*, from the fact that it is built of reddish stone. — **motley**: strictly, of different colors; made up of various elements. — **varlet**: fellow. — **reconnoitering**: examining. — **Moresco**: Moorish. — **Andalusia**: a fertile region in southern Spain. — **Segovia**: a city of central Spain. — **Guadarama Mountains**: a range of mountains in central Spain. — **Escorial**: a famous building, twenty-seven miles from Madrid. In it are a monastery, a palace, a church, and the burial place of the Spanish sovereigns. — **La Mancha** (lā mán'chā): an old province of Spain. — **Boabdil** (bō āb dēl'): the last Moorish king of Granada. He was driven from his throne by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1491. — **agone**: ago. — **Eve of St. John**: the eve of Midsummer Day, when fairies filled the woods and dumb animals were supposed to be able to speak. — **Moslem**: Mohammedan. — **Allah**: the Deity of the Mohammedan faith. — **Toledo**: Toledo swords were of a superior quality. — **cock-and-bull story**: a fable. — **esplanade** (ēs plā nād'): an open space or terrace.



WASHINGTON IRVING

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863) was one of the great English novelists. His most famous books are *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond*, and *The Newcomes*. The literary quality of his work is superior to that of Scott and Dickens, though they may outrank him in 5 other ways.

Almost the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing 10 them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us.¹ Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work reviewing their lives and passing judgment on their works. One was the first ambassador whom the New World 15 of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the father of the country had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good will. His new country (which some 20 people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman who, though himself born in no very high

¹ Washington Irving died November 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay died December 28, 1859.

sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount 5 of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than 10 he did; to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new; to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent 15 state's superior. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for 20 him), he was a messenger of good will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; 25 and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you

acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the
 5 history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe.
 10 In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect; and Irving went home medaled by the King, diplomatized by the University, crowned and honored and admired.

15 In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if
 20 no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcomed. The gate of his own
 25 charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one.

Be a good man, my dear. Was not Irving good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life. 5
15

I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs, and I should like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving. 20

Abridged from Roundabout Papers

Sir Walter: Sir Walter Scott. — **Lockhart:** Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law. — **ate our salt:** shared our hospitality. — **Scott's King of England:** George IV. — **the University:** Oxford gave Irving a degree.

HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE¹

HENRY VAN DYKE

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE is an American author whose work is of wide range and high excellence. In 1899 he became professor of English literature at Princeton University.

NOTE. Henry Hudson, the discoverer of the Hudson River, made his last voyage into the great bay that bears his name. Discouraged by their many hardships his crew mutinied, and forcing their captain with his son and seven of their shipmates into a boat, they set it adrift on the lonely sea. Hudson's mate, John King (Henry King, according to one authority), was among the number thus abandoned. Nothing was ever heard of their fate. A few of the mutineers succeeded in reaching Ireland with the ship, but the leaders perished miserably on their way home.

One sail in sight upon the lonely sea,
 And only one, God knows! For never ship
 But mine broke through the icy gates that guard
 15 These waters greater grown than any since
 We left the shore of England. We were first,
 My men, to battle in between the bergs
 And flocs to these wide waves. This gulf is mine;
 I name it! And that flying sail is mine!
 20 And there, hull down below that flying sail,
 The ship that staggers home is mine, mine, mine!
 My ship *Discoverie*! . . .
 Look — there she goes — her topsails in the sun

¹ From *The White Bees and Other Poems*. Copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Gleam from the ragged ocean edge, and drop
 Clean out of sight! So let the traitors go
 Clean out of mind! We'll think of braver things!
 Come closer in the boat, my friends. John King,



You take the tiller, keep her head nor'west.
 You, Philip Staffe, the only one who chose
 Freely to share with us the shallop's fate,—
 Too good an English sailor to desert

These crippled comrades, — try to make them rest
 More easy on the thwarts. And John, my son,
 My little shipmate, come and lean your head
 Upon your father's knee. Do you recall
 5 That April day in Ethelburga's church,
 Five years ago, when side by side we kneeled
 To take the sacrament, with all our company,
 Before the *Hopewell* left St. Catherine's docks
 On our first voyage? Then it was I vowed
 10 My sailor soul and yours to search the sea
 Until we found the water path that leads
 From Europe into Asia.

I believe

That God has poured the ocean round His world,
 15 Not to divide, but to unite the lands;
 And all the English seamen who have dared
 In little ships to plow uncharted waves —
 Davis and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher,
 Raleigh and Gilbert — all the other names —
 20 Are written in the chivalry of God
 As men who served His purpose. I would claim
 A place among that knighthood of the sea:
 And I have earned it, though my quest should fail!
 For mark me well. The honor of our life
 25 Derives from this: to have a certain aim
 Before us always, which our will must seek

Amid the peril of uncertain ways.

Then, though we miss the goal, our search is crowned

With courage, and along the path we find

A rich reward of unexpected things.

Press towards the aim : take fortune as it fares !

5

I know not why, but something in my heart

Has always whispered, " Westward seek your aim."

Four times they sent me east, but still my prow

Turned west again, and felt among the floes

Of rattling ice along the Gröneland coast,

10

And down the rugged shores of Newfoundland,

And past the rocky capes and sandy bays

Where Gosnold sailed, — like one who feels his way

With outstretched hand across a darkened room, —

I groped among the inlets and the isles,

15

To find the passage to the Isles of Spice.

I have not found it yet — but I have found

Things worth the finding !

Son, have you forgot

Those mellow autumn days, two years ago,

20

When first we sent our little ship *Half Moon* —

The flag of Holland floating at her peak —

Across a sandy bar, and sounded in

Among the channels to a goodly bay

Where all the navies of the world could ride ?

25

A fertile island that the redmen called

Manhattan crowned the bay; and all the land
 Around was bountiful and friendly fair.

But never land was fair enough to hold
 The seaman from the calling of the waves :

5 And so we bore to westward, past the isle,
 Along a mighty inlet, where the tide
 Was troubled by a downward-rolling flood
 That seemed to come from far away, — perhaps
 From some mysterious gulf of Tartary ✓

10 We followed that wide water way, by palisades ✓
 Of naked rock where giants might have held
 Their fortress; and by rolling hills adorned
 With forests rich in timber for great ships;
 Through narrows where the mountains shut us in
 15 With frowning cliffs that seemed to bar the stream;
 And then through open reaches where the banks
 Sloped to the water gently, with their fields
 Of corn and lentils smiling in the sun.

Ten days we voyaged through that placid land,
 20 Until we came to shoals; and sent a boat
 Upstream, to find — what I already knew —
 We sailed upon a river, not a strait!

But what a river! God has never poured
 A stream more royal through a land more rich.

25 Even now I see it flowing in my dream,
 While coming ages people it with men

Of manhood equal to the river's pride.
 I see the wigwams of the redmen changed
 To ample houses, and the tiny plots
 Of maize and green tobacco broadened out
 To prosperous farms, that spread o'er hill and dale 5
 The many-colored mantle of their crops.
 I see the terraced vineyards on the slopes
 Where now the wild grape loops the tangled wood ;
 And cattle feeding where the red deer roam ;
 And wild bees gathered into busy hives 10
 To store the silver comb with golden sweet ;
 And all the promised land begins to flow
 With milk and honey. Stately manors rise
 Along the banks, and castles top the hills,
 And little villages grow populous with trade, 15
 Until the river runs as proudly as the Rhine, —
 The thread that links a hundred towns and towers !
 All this I see, and when it comes to pass
 I prophesy a city on the isle
 They call Manhattan, equal in her state 20
 To all the older capitals of earth, —
 The gateway city of a golden world, —
 A city girt with masts, and crowned with spires,
 And swarming with a busy host of men,
 While to her open door, across the bay, 25
 The ships of all the nations flock like doves !
 My name will be remembered there, for men

Will say, "This river and this bay were found
By Henry Hudson, on his way to seek
The Northwest Passage into farthest Inde."

~~Yes~~ yes, I sought it then, I seek it still,

- 5 My great adventure, pole star of my heart!
For look ye, friends, our voyage is not done:
Somewhere beyond these floating fields of ice,
Somewhere along this westward widening bay,
Somewhere beneath this luminous northern night,
10 The channel opens to the Orient, —
I know it, — and some day a little ship
Will enter there and battle safely through!
And why not ours — to-morrow — who can tell?
We hold by hope as long as life endures:
15 These are the longest days of all the year,
The world is round, and God is everywhere,
And while our shallop floats we still can steer.
So point her up, John King, nor'west by north!
We'll keep the honor of a certain aim
20 Amid the peril of uncertain ways,
And sail ahead, and leave the rest to God.

shallop (shāl'lōp): a small, open boat. — **Ethelburga's church**: the church of St. Ethelburga in London. — **Davis** (or **Davys**), **Drake**, **Hawkins**, **Frob'isher**, **Raleigh**, **Gilbert**: famous English navigators. — **ruttling**: rattling. — **Gröneland** (grēn'länd): Greenland. — **Gosnold**: an English explorer and the discoverer of Cape Cod. — **Half Moon**: the ship which was the first to enter the Hudson River. — **Inde** (Ind): India. — **point her up**: keep her [the boat's] head toward a certain point.

PLAIN LIVING

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, a distinguished author and lecturer, was born in Boston in 1803 and died in Concord in 1882. He was a profound thinker, and possessed a deep insight into both nature and human life.

What is odious but noise, and people who scream and bewail? people whose vane points always east, who live 5 to dine, who send for the doctor, who coddle themselves, who toast their feet on the register, who intrigue to secure a padded chair, and a corner out of the draught. Suffer them once to begin the enumeration of their infirmities, and the sun will go down on the unfinished tale. Let these 10 triflers put us out of conceit with petty comforts. To a man at work, the frost is but a color: the rain, the wind, — he forgot them when he came in. Let us learn to live coarsely, dress plainly, and lie hard. The least habit of dominion over the palate has certain good effects not 15 easily estimated.

A man in pursuit of greatness feels no little wants. How can you mind diet, bed, dress, or salutes or compliments, or the figure you make in company, or wealth, or even the bringing things to pass, when you think how paltry are 20 the machinery and the workers? Wordsworth was praised to me, in Westmóreland, for having afforded to his country neighbors an example of a modest household where

comfort and culture were secured, without display. And a boy who wears his rusty cap and outgrown coat, that he may secure the coveted place in college, and the right in the library, is educated to some purpose. There is a great
 5 deal of self-denial and manliness in poor and middle-class houses, in town and country, that has not got into literature, and never will, but that keeps the earth sweet ; that saves on superfluities, and spends on essentials ; that goes rusty, and educates the boy ; that sells the horse, but
 10 builds the school ; works early and late, takes two looms in the factory, three looms, six looms, but pays off the mortgage on the paternal farm, and then goes back cheerfully to work again.

We wish to play at heroism. But the wiser God says,
 15 Take the shame, the poverty, the solitude that belong to truth speaking. Try the rough water as well as the smooth.

He who aims high must dread an easy home and popular manners. Heaven sometimes hedges a rare character about
 20 with ungainliness and odium, as the bur that protects the fruit. If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or the second call, nor in the shape of fashion, ease, and city drawing-rooms. Popularity is for dolls. "Steep and craggy," said Porphyry,
 25 "is the path of the gods."

From *The Conduct of Life*

odium : dislike, blame. — **Porphyry** (pôr'fî rî) : a famous pagan philosopher who lived in the third century A.D.



+ The words referred to a broad, round-shouldered old fellow, comically ambling toward the corner. He wore thick shoes, and thick leather gaiters, and thick gloves. Both as to his dress and as to himself he was of an overlapping rhinoceros build, with folds in his cheeks, and his forehead, and his eyelids, and his lips, and his ears; but with bright, eager gray eyes under his ragged eyebrows and broad-brimmed hat, — a very odd-looking old fellow altogether.

10 “Here you are again,” repeated Mr. Wegg, musing. “And who are you now? Come! I’ll speculate! I’ll invest a bow in you.”

Which Mr. Wegg, having replaced his tin box, accordingly did, as he rose to bait his gingerbread trap for some 15 other devoted infant. The salute was acknowledged with: “Morning, sir! Morning! Morning!”

“Good morning to you, sir,” said Mr. Wegg.

20 “Do you remember me, then?” asked his new acquaintance, stopping in his amble before the stall, and speaking in a pouncing way, though with great good humor.

“I have noticed you go past our house, sir, several times in the course of the last week or so.”

“Our house,” repeated the other. “Meaning —?”

25 “Yes,” said Mr. Wegg, nodding as the other pointed the clumsy forefinger of his right glove at the corner house.

“Oh! Now what,” pursued the old fellow in an inquisitive manner, carrying his knotted stick in his arm

as if it had been a baby. "What do they allow you now?"

"It's job work that I do for our house," returned Silas, dryly; "it's not yet brought to an exact allowance."

"Oh," said the other, and ambled off. But in a moment 5 he was back again with the question, "How did you get your wooden leg?"

Mr. Wegg replied tartly to this personal inquiry, "In an accident."

"Do you like it?"

10

"Well! I haven't got to keep it warm," Mr. Wegg made answer, in a sort of desperation occasioned by the singularity of the question.

"Did you ever hear of the name of Boffin?" asked the other.

15

"No," said Mr. Wegg, who was growing restive under this examination. "I never did hear of the name of Boffin."

"Do you like it?"

"Why, no," retorted Mr. Wegg, again approaching 20 desperation, "I can't say I do."

"Why don't you like it?"

"I don't know why I don't," retorted Mr. Wegg, approaching frenzy, "but I don't at all."

"Now, I'll tell you something that will make you sorry 25 for that," said the stranger, smiling. "My name's Boffin."

"I can't help it," returned Mr. Wegg.

"But there's another chance for you," said Mr. Boffin, smiling still. "Do you like the name of Nicodemus? Think it over, — Nick or Noddy."

"It is not, sir," Mr. Wegg rejoined, "a name that I 5 could wish any one to call *me* by; but there may be persons who would not view it with the same objections. I don't know why," Mr. Wegg added, anticipating another question.

"Noddy Boffin," said that gentleman. "That's my 10 name. Noddy — or Nick — Boffin. What's your name?"

"Silas Wegg. I don't," said Mr. Wegg, bestirring himself to take the same precaution as before, — "I don't know why Silas, and I don't know why Wegg."

"Now, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, "I want to make a sort 15 of offer to you. Do you remember when you first saw me?"

"Let me think," said Mr. Wegg. "Was it on a Monday morning, when the butcher boy bought a ballad of me?"

"Right, Wegg, right! But he bought more than one."

"Yes, to be sure, sir; he bought several; and wishing 20 to lay out his money for the best, he took my opinion to guide his choice and we went over the collection together. To be sure we did."

"What do you think I was doing, Wegg?"

"I should judge, sir, that you might have been glanc- 25 ing down the street."

"No, Wegg, I was listening."

"Were you, indeed?" said Mr. Wegg, dubiously.

One looks upon the woods with a new interest when he suspects they hold a colony of bees. What a pleasing secret it is: a tree with a heart of comb honey, a decayed oak or maple with secret chambers where lies hidden the wealth of ten thousand little freebooters, — great nuggets and wedges of precious ore gathered with risk and labor from every field and wood about. .

When a bee brings pollen into the hive he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off as one might his overalls or rubber boots, making one foot help the other; then he walks off without ever looking behind him; another bee, one of the indoor hands, comes along and rams it down with his head and packs it into the cell as the dairymaid packs butter into a firkin.

The life of a swarm of bees is like an active and hazardous campaign of an army; the ranks are being continually depleted, and continually recruited. What adventures they have by flood and field, and what hairbreadth escapes! A strong swarm during the honey season loses, on an average, about four or five thousand per month, or one hundred and fifty per day. They are overwhelmed by wind and rain, caught by spiders, benumbed by cold, crushed by cattle, drowned in rivers and ponds, and in many nameless ways cut off or disabled. In the spring the principal mortality is from the cold. As the sun declines they get chilled before they can reach home. Many fall down outside the hive, unable to get in with their burden. One may

see them come utterly spent and drop hopelessly into the grass in front of their very doors. Before they can rest the cold has stiffened them. I go out in April and May and pick them up by the handful, their baskets loaded
 5 with pollen, and warm them in the sun or in the house, or by the simple warmth of my hand, until they can crawl into the hive. Heat is their life, and an apparently lifeless bee may be revived by warming him.

X It is amusing to see them come hurrying home when
 10 there is a thunderstorm approaching. They come piling in till the rain is upon them. Those that are overtaken by the storm doubtless weather it as best they can in the sheltering trees and grass. It is not probable that a bee ever gets lost by wandering into strange and unknown parts.
 15 With their myriad eyes they see everything; and then their sense of locality is very acute — is, indeed, one of their ruling traits. When a bee marks the place of his hive, or of a bit of good pasturage in the fields or swamps, he returns to it as unerringly as fate.

20 Honey was a much more important article of food with the ancients than it is with us. As they appear to have been unacquainted with sugar, honey, no doubt, stood them instead. It is too rank and pungent for the modern taste; it soon cloyes upon the palate. It demands the appetite of
 25 youth, and the strong, robust digestion of people who live much in the open air. It is a more wholesome food than sugar, and modern confectionery is poison beside it.

Besides grape sugar, honey contains manna, mucilage, pollen, acid, and other vegetable odoriferous substances and juices. It is a sugar with a kind of wild natural bread added. The manna of itself is both food and medicine, and the pungent vegetable extracts have rare virtues. 5

The Emperor Augustus one day inquired of a centenarian how he had kept his vigor of mind and body so long ; to which the veteran replied that it was by "oil without and honey within."

Hence it is not without reason that with the ancients a 10 land flowing with milk and honey should mean a land abounding in all good things ; and the queen in the nursery rhyme, who lingered in the kitchen to eat "bread and honey," while the "king was in the parlor counting out his money," was doing a very sensible thing. 15

Italy and Greece, in fact all the Mediterranean countries, appear to have been famous lands for honey. Mount Hy-mettus, Mount Hybla, and Mount Ida produced what may be called the classic honey of antiquity, an article doubt- less in no wise superior to our best products. 20

bumblebee: also called *humblebee*. See Emerson's poem, p. 132. — **beebread**: flower pollen, which forms the food of the young bees. — **epitome** (ě pīt ō mē): a compact representation ; a work reduced to a small size. — **freebooters**: robbers. — **stood**: served. — **manna**: sweetish yellow flakes which exude from some trees and shrubs. — **centenarian**: one who is a hundred years old. — **land flowing with milk and honey**: see Exodus iii. 8. — **Hymettus** (hī mēt'tūs): a mountain in Greece. — **Hybla** (hīb'lā): Hybla was in Sicily. — **Ida**: a mountain in Asia Minor.

THE HUMBLEBEE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Burly, dozing humblebee,
 Where thou art is clime for me.
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,
 Far-off heats through seas to seek ;
 5 I will follow thee alone,
 Thou animated torrid zone !
 Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
 Let me chase thy waving lines ;
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
 10 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;
 15 Of gulfs of sweetness, without bound,
 In Indian wildernesses found ;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean,
 20 Hath my insect never seen ;
 But violets and bilberry bells,
 Maple sap and daffodils,

Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern, and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue, 5
 And brier roses, dwelt among;
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher! 10
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
 When the fierce northwestern blast 15
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,
 Thou already slumberest deep;
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous. 20

clime: the region. — **Porto Rique**: Porto Rico is a famous winter resort. — **Syrian peace**: the ideal of the philosophers of India and Syria is a state of idleness and blissful repose. — **leisure**: the poet makes this word rhyme with *pleasure*, but the better usage is *lēzhūr*. — **bil'berry bells**: huckleberry blossoms. — **suc'cory**: a wayside plant bearing a blue flower. — **ag'rimony**: a common herb with a spike of yellow flowers. — **thy sleep**: bees are usually torpid throughout the winter.

THE LANTERN BEARERS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born in 1850 at Edinburgh, Scotland, within sight of the great Edinburgh Castle. He died in Samoa in 1894. His wonderful gifts as a writer of fiction, essays, and poems place him among the foremost of modern authors. Of his many novels, *Dr. Jekyll* 5 and *Mr. Hyde* is the most widely known. Some of his other works are *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Across the Plains*, and *A Child's Garden of Verses*. The following pages are from one of his essays.

Toward the end of September, when school time was drawing near and the nights were already black, we 10 would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of 15 luminary.

We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigor of the game, a buttoned topcoat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our 20 fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his topcoat asked for nothing more.

The fishermen used lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint; but

theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we play at being fishermen. The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them in that; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we may have had some haunting thoughts of; and we had certainly an eye to past ages 5 when lanterns were more common, and to certain story-books in which we found them to figure very largely. But



take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his topcoat was good enough for us.

When two of these asses met there would be an anxious 10 "Have you got your lantern?" and a gratified "Yes!" This was the shibboleth, and very needful, too; for as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognize a lantern bearer, unless by the smell.

Four or five would sometimes climb into a ten-man lugger, or choose out some hollow of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. There the coats would be unbuttoned and the bull's-eyes discovered; and in the
 5 checkering glimmer, under the huge windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich stream of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links or on the scaly bilges of the fishing boat and delight themselves with inappropriate talk.
 10 The talk was but a condiment; and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the career of the lantern bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the topcoat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to
 15 make your glory public; a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

school time: in Scotland, as a rule, school begins later in the autumn than is customary in America. The summer vacation in Edinburgh and its neighborhood, where Stevenson spent his boyhood, is in August and September. — **the rigor of the game:** a familiar phrase from Charles Lamb's essay, "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist." — **substantive:** dependent upon itself. — **shibboleth:** a test word or sign (see Judges xii. 4-6). — **contained:** hidden, restrained. — **lugger:** a small fishing-vessel with simple rigging. — **links:** the flat sands of the seashore. — **bilges:** the broadest part of a vessel's hull. — **condiment:** something used to give relish to food; seasoning. — **accidents:** happenings; unexpected events.

DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

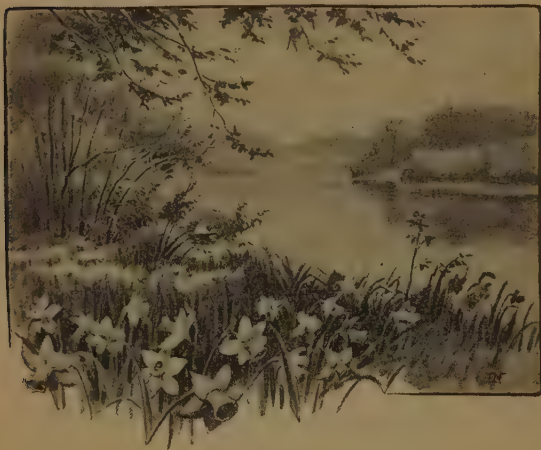
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850) was a celebrated English poet who was made poet laureate in 1843. He was keenly sensitive to natural beauty, and some of his finest poems were written on simple scenes in rural England.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils,
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. 10

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance, 15
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company: 20
 I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,



They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and
quiet breathing.

JOHN KEATS

A MEMORY OF MY CHILDHOOD

PIERRE LOTI

PIERRE LOTI (pī êr lô tē) is the pen name of Louis Marie Julien Viaud (vyō), a French novelist of poetic temperament. He was born in 1850. The following selection is translated from his *Story of a Child*.

My next impression was one which I will try to record, — an impression of summer, of broad sunshine, and of 5 nature, and of a delicious panic at finding myself alone in the deep June grass taller than my head.

It happened at a country house which, at a later date, played an important part in my child life. It belonged to some very old friends of our family, who were our neigh- 10 bors in town, their house almost touching ours. The day of which I am about to speak was certainly the first which I had spent there as a little creature capable of thought, of grief, of dreams.

I have forgotten the beginning, — the departure, the jour- 15 ney, and the arrival. But I can see myself one very hot afternoon, see myself very happy alone in the neglected old garden, shut in by gray walls from the woods, sandy heaths, and stony commons that surrounded it. For me, a town-bred child, this spacious garden, never kept up, 20 where the fruit trees were perishing of old age, was as full of surprises and mysteries as the virgin forest. Having, no doubt, stepped over a high box edging, I had

lost myself in the middle of one of the uncultured beds far from the house, among I know not what wayward growths — asparagus run to seed, I dare say, tangled with wild creepers. There I had crouched down after the manner of little children, to bury myself in all this, which was far above my head even when I stood up. And I kept very still, with eyes dilated and my mind keenly attentive, at once alarmed and delighted. What I felt in the presence of these new things was, even then, less astonishment than recognition; that lavish greenery which closed in upon me I *knew* was everywhere, in the remotest depths of the unseen country. It frightened and yet it attracted me; and in order to stay there as long as possible without being sought out, I hid myself more completely.

But suddenly I heard myself called: “Pierre! Pierre! My little Pierrot!” And without replying, I made haste to lie down flat on the earth under the weeds and the finely cut leaves of the asparagus branches.

Again, “Pierre! Pierre!” It was Lucette. I knew her voice, and I even understood from her laughing tone that she spied me in my green lurking place. But I could not see her. I looked about on all sides, in vain. No one! Still she called me with shouts of laughter, her voice more and more full of fun. Where in the world could she be?

Ah! Up there, high in the air, perched in the fork of a strangely twisted tree, which had what looked like a hoary head of lichen.

Then I got up, greatly chagrined at having been thus discovered. And as I rose I perceived from afar, above the tangle of wild plants, a corner of the old ivy-crowned walls which surrounded the garden. These walls were to



become very familiar to me as time went on, for during my 5
half holidays from school I have spent many an hour
perched on the top, looking out over the peaceful, pastoral
landscape, dreaming, to the chirp of the grasshoppers, of
yet more sunny spots in distant lands.

virgin : unspoiled. — **Pierrot** (pī êr rō') : the diminutive of Pierre; "little Peter." — **lichen** (lī'kēn) : a species of plant growing on rocks and tree trunks. — **chagrined** (shā grīnd') : mortified.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING — I

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

SARAH ORNE JEWETT (1849-1909) was an American writer whose stories of New England life have much charm.

Poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt herself poor and
5 sorrowful indeed. Across the frozen road she looked eastward over a great stretch of meadow land, brown and wind-swept and crossed by icy ditches. It seemed to her as if before this, in all the troubles that she had known and carried, there had always been some hope to hold; as if
10 she had never looked poverty full in the face and seen its cold and pitiless frown before. She looked anxiously down the road, with a horrible shrinking and dread at the thought of being asked, out of pity, to join in some Thanksgiving feast, but there was nobody coming with gifts in hand.
15 Once she had been full of love for such days, whether at home or abroad, but something chilled her very heart now.

Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town farm, and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John
20 Mander was waiting impatiently to get her tiny farm into his own hands; he had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended that there was still a debt after he cleared her wood lot to pay himself back. He

would plow over the graves in the field corner and fell the great elms, and waited now like a spider for his poor prey. He often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past and coming to be a charge to others now. Oh, if she could only die in her own house and not 5 suffer the pain of homelessness and dependence!

It was just at sunset, and as she looked out hopelessly across the gray fields there was a sudden gleam of light far away on the low hills beyond; the clouds opened in the west and let the sunshine through. One lovely ray shot 10 swift as an arrow and brightened a far cold hillside where it fell, and at the same moment a sudden gleam of hope brightened the winter landscape of her heart.

"There was Johnny Harris," said Mary Ann Robb softly. "He was a soldier's son, left an orphan and distressed. Old 15 John Mander scolded, but I could n't see the poor boy in want. I kept him that year after he got hurt, spite of what anybody said, and he helped me the little he could. He said I was the only mother he'd ever had. 'I'm going out West, Mother Robb,' says he. 'I shan't come back till I get 20 rich'; and then he'd look at me and laugh, so pleasant and boyish. He was n't one that liked to write. I don't think he was doing very well when I heard, — there, it's 'most four years ago now. I always thought if he got sick I should have a good home for him to come to. There's poor 25 Ezra Blake, the deaf one, too; he won't have any place to welcome him."

The light faded out of doors, and again Mrs. Robb's trouble stood before her. Yet it was not so dark as it had been in her sad heart. She still sat by her window, hoping now, in spite of herself, instead of fearing; and a
 5 curious feeling of nearness and expectancy made her feel not so much light-hearted as light-headed.

"I feel just as if something was going to happen," she said. "Poor Johnny Harris! Perhaps he's thinking of me, if he's alive."

10 It was dark now, and there were tiny clicks against the window. It was beginning to snow and the great elms creaked in the rising wind overhead.

A dead limb of one of the old trees had fallen that autumn, and poor firewood as it might be, it was Mrs. Robb's
 15 own, and she had burned it most thankfully. There was only a small armful left, but at least she could have the luxury of a fire. She had a feeling that it was her last night at home, and with strange recklessness began to fill the stove as she used to do in better days.

20 "It'll get me good and warm," she said, still talking to herself, as lonely people do. "And I'll go to bed early. It's coming on to storm."

The snow clicked faster and faster against the window, and she sat alone thinking in the dark. She drew a little
 25 nearer to the fire, and laid her head back drowsily in the old rocking-chair.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING — II

It seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door. The fire shone bright through the front of the stove and made a little light in the room, but Mary Ann Robb waked up frightened and bewildered. 5

“Who’s there?” she called, as she found her crutch and went to the door. She was only conscious of her one great fear.

“They’ve come to take me to the poorhouse!” she said, and burst into tears. 10

There was a tall man, not John Mander, who seemed to fill the narrow doorway.

“Come, let me in!” he said gayly. “It’s a cold night. You did n’t expect me, did you, Mother Robb?”

“What is it?” she faltered, stepping back as he came 15 in and dropping her crutch. “I was dreaming. Oh, there! what was I saying? I’ve made some mistake.”

Yes, this was the man who kept the poorhouse, and she would go without complaint; they might have given her notice, but she must not fret. 20

“Sit down, sir,” she said, turning toward him with touching patience. “You’ll have to give me a little time. If I’d been notified, I would n’t have kept you waiting a minute this stormy night.”

It was not the keeper of the poorhouse. The man by the 25

door took one step forward and put his arm round her and kissed her. "What are you talking about?" said John Harris. "You make me feel like a stranger. I've come all the way from Dakota to spend Thanksgiving. All sorts of



5 things are out here in the wagon, and there's a man to help get them in. Why, don't cry so, Mother Robb! I thought you'd have a great laugh if I surprised you. Don't you remember I always said I should come?"

It was John Harris indeed. The poor soul could say
 10 nothing. She felt now as if her heart was going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking-chair and came and went in his old boyish way, bringing in the store of gifts and provisions. It was better than any dream. He laughed and talked, and went out to send the man to bring a
 15 wagonful of wood, and came in himself laden with pieces of the nearest fence to keep the fire going in the meantime. They must cook the beefsteak for supper right

away; they must find the pound of tea among all the other bundles; they must get good fires started in both the cold bedrooms. Why, Mother Robb did n't seem to be ready for company from the West! The great, cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house, and the little old woman limped 5 after him, forgetting everything but hospitality. Had not she a house for John to come to? Were not her old chairs and tables in their places still? And he remembered everything and kissed her as they stood before the fire. He had found plenty of hard times, but luck had come at 10 last. This was the end of a great year. John was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been; and they sat down to supper together just as they used to do when he was a homeless orphan boy whom nobody else wanted in winter weather while he was crippled and could not work. She could not be kinder now 15 than she was then, but she looked so poor and old! He saw her taste her cup of tea and set it down again with a trembling hand and a look at him.

"I wanted to come myself, instead of writing," he blushed, wiping his eyes and trying to laugh. "And you're going to have everything you need to make you comfortable as long as you live, Mother Robb." 20

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good hot supper ready 25 and a happy guest had come; it was the night before Thanksgiving.

AT TABLE — I

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, a French author and poet, was born in 1842 ; he died in 1908.

When the steward — and what an imposing steward he was, with his ample figure, his dignified, ruddy countenance, 5 and his white whiskers ! — when he flung open the door of the drawing-room and announced in his sonorous yet respectful voice that dinner was served, the company filed out in an orderly and quiet procession.

The table fairly glittered. There were fourteen guests 10 — no more ; the young women in full evening dress and the men decorated with orders in honor of the distinguished visitor who sat at the right of the hostess.

The company represented the aristocracy of family or of merit, and an atmosphere of well-being filled the lofty 15 room, so comfortably warmed and so magnificently decorated. The service was noiseless. The servants seemed to glide over the thick carpet, and the butler's tone was as confidential as if he were revealing some vitally important secret.

20 How courteous and considerate were these well-bred, low-voiced guests ! What friendliness marked their smiles ! At first, no doubt, they spoke in commonplaces, but before long their wit and intelligence came into play. Each of

these men was remarkable in his own way, and all of them were rich in experience and in memories. A famous traveler with bronzed face, recently returned from desert wilds, told his neighbors at the table of an elephant hunt. He spoke quietly without boasting, as if he were telling some ordinary adventure. Farther on, the white hair and fine profile of a famous scholar bent toward his hostess, whose charming face was full of laughter and interest. X

At the lower end of the table sat a man still young, the most obscure of all those who gathered there, — a man of 10 imagination and fancy, one of those dreamers who are half philosopher, half poet. Admitted into this group by reason of his fame as an artist, a gentleman by nature but without vanity, a man of the people and never forgetting it, he enjoyed with full appreciation this flower of civil- 15 zation which calls itself good society. He felt, more keenly than many others would have done, how rare and beautiful was all that surrounded him, — the charm of the women, the swift intelligence of the men, the shining table, the luxurious room ; and he was glad that things 20 so good and so harmonious existed. He was filled with hopefulness and cheer. He found it comforting to reflect that sometimes in this world of ours men and women might be so happy. What a lovely fancy to believe that to these people life was merciful ; that they always kept the 25 gay and gentle faces they now wore, and that they had no dishonorable weaknesses or selfish sins !

AT TABLE—II

The dreamer was at this point in his reflections when the steward, the superb steward, appeared, bearing upon a huge silver platter a fish of marvelous size, such as one sees only in pictures or in shop windows. When it was served
5 and the dreamer found a piece before him upon his plate, a slight odor of the sea suddenly recalled to his mind a scene on the coast of Brittany.

He had lingered there, an autumn or two before, until he had been overtaken by the equinoctial storm. He called
10 to mind the terrible night when the fishing boats could not land, — the night that he had spent upon the breakwater, surrounded by a throng of frightened women, standing in the spray, which ran in streams down his face, and at the mercy of a wind that seemed to be trying to drag off his
15 clothes. What a life these fishermen led! He saw again the little church, high on the cliff and painted white to serve as a beacon to the ships; and in the cemetery the headstones repeating so often this inscription, *Drowned at Sea*.

20 The great fish had a delicate and savory taste, but the dreamer had lost his appetite. He was still thinking of the poor Bretons who had perhaps caught this very turbot. He shuddered as he thought.

But the servants were already removing the plates, and
25 the guests were chatting with even greater fluency and

ease. Their light laughter ran up and down the table. What a charming company!

Then the dreamer was seized with an overpowering sadness, for the price of all this comfort and luxury began to torment his imagination. 5

In order that these men and women in cold December may wear dress coats and lace gowns, the heat of the room is like that of a morning in spring. But who has furnished the fuel? The underground worker, the prisoner of the mines. How exquisitely fair is the complexion of that 10 young woman in rose-colored satin! But who has woven the satin? The human spider of Lyons, — the silk weaver in his unwholesome den. She wears in her dainty ears two splendid pearls. What wonderful transparency! What brilliancy of color and perfection of form! Cleopatra's 15 famous pearl was no purer than these. But does she know, this young beauty, that in the pearl fisheries of the East the Indian diver plunges her head into seventy feet of water, one foot in the heavy stone stirrup that is to drag him to the bottom, and a knife in his hand to guard him 20 from the sharks?

But, after all, what is the use of thinking about it? The air of the room is warm and sweet. Every one is contented. Why should we distress ourselves about a miner who works fifty feet below the ground, or a sickly weaver, 25 or a savage who leaps into the sea and perhaps reddens it with his blood?

AT TABLE—III

However, the dreamer is pursued by his fancy. Without thinking what he is doing, he has crumbled a bit of bread which was lying near his plate. It is a very slight and insignificant part of such a dinner as this, but he
 5 thinks of the great lady who said when her poor people were starving: "Why do they cry for bread? Let them eat cake!" Yes, it is only a piece of bread, but in order that it may be here, upon the rich man's table, many have toiled and suffered. The farmer has sowed and reaped.
 10 He has pushed his plow or driven his harrow through the heavy soil under the cold needles of the autumn rain; he has waked when it thundered in the night, full of terror for his field; he has trembled at the sight of great violet-colored clouds, charged with hail; he has come, dusty and
 15 grimy, from the exhausting labors of harvesting.

And when the old miller, racked by the rheumatism that is due to the mists of the river, has sent his flour to Paris, the heavy bags are still to be carried on stout shoulders to the bakeries where men are toiling all night long.
 20 Truly it has cost all this labor and all this effort, — the little white morsel of bread thoughtlessly broken by idle fingers.

By this time the incorrigible dreamer cannot free himself from such thoughts. The dainties of the feast recall
 25 to him only human suffering.

now sitting on their tails in a solemn circle ; now howling all together as if demented, and anon listening intently in the vast silence, as if they heard or smelled or perhaps just felt the presence of some unknown thing that was hidden from human senses. And when I paddled ashore to 5 watch them, one ran swiftly past without heeding me, his nose outstretched, his eyes green as foxfire in the moonlight, while the others vanished like shadows among the black rocks, each intent on his unknown quest.

That is why I had come up from my warm bunk at mid- 10 night to sit alone on the taffrail, listening in the keen air to the howling that made me shiver, spite of myself, and watching in the vague moonlight to understand, if possible, what the brutes felt amid the primal silence and desolation.

A long interval of profound stillness had passed, and I 15 could just make out the circle of dogs sitting on their tails on the open shore, when suddenly, faint and far away, an unearthly howl came rolling down the mountains, *oooooooo-
ow-wow-wow!* a long wailing crescendo beginning softly, like a sound in a dream, and swelling into a roar that waked 20 the sleeping echoes and set them jumping like startled goats from crag to crag. Instantly the huskies answered, every dog breaking out into indescribable frenzied wailings, as a collie responds in agony to certain chords of music that stir all the old wolf nature sleeping within him. For five 25 minutes the uproar was appalling ; then it ceased abruptly and the huskies ran wildly here and there among the rocks.



From far away an answer, an echo perhaps of their wailing, or, it may be, the cry of the dogs of St. Margaret's, came ululating over the deep. Then silence again, vast and unnatural, settling over the gloomy land like a winding sheet.

5

As the unknown howl trembled faintly in the air Noel, who had slept undisturbed through all the clamor of the dogs, stirred uneasily by the foremast. As it deepened and swelled into a roar that filled all the night, he threw off the caribou skin and came aft where I was watching alone. 10
 "That is Wayeeses. I know that wolf; he followed me one time, oh, a long, long while ago," he whispered. And taking my marine glasses he stood beside me, watching intently.

There was another long period of waiting; our eyes 15 grew weary, filled as they were with shadows and uncertainties in the moonlight, and we turned our ears to the hills, waiting with strained, silent expectancy for the challenge. Suddenly Noel pointed upward and my eye caught something moving swiftly on the crest of the mountain. 20
 A shadow with the slinking trot of a wolf glided along the ridge between us and the moon. Just in front of us it stopped, leaped upon a big rock, turned a pointed nose up to the sky, sharp and clear as a fir top in the moonlight, and—oooooooo-ow-wow-wow! the terrible howl of a great 25
 white wolf tumbled down on the husky dogs and set them howling as if possessed. No doubt now of their queer

actions which had puzzled me for hours past. The wild wolf had called and the tame wolves waked to answer. Before my dull ears had heard a rumor of it they were crazy with the excitement. Now every chord in their wild
 5 hearts was twanging its thrilling answer to the leader's summons, and my own heart awoke and thrilled as it never did before to the call of a wild beast.

For an hour or more the old wolf sat there, challenging his degenerate mates in every silence, calling the tame to
 10 be wild, the bound to be free again, and listening gravely to the wailing answer of the dogs, who refused with groanings, as if dragging themselves away from overmastering temptation. Then the shadow vanished from the big rock on the mountain, the huskies fled away wildly
 15 from the shore, and only the sob of the breakers broke the stillness.

From *Northern Trails*

the Labrador': the northeast coast of the great peninsula of Labrador belongs to Newfoundland and is usually spoken of as "the Labrador" by the inhabitants of that region. The interior of the peninsula belongs to the Dominion of Canada. — **punt**: a flat-bottomed boat. — **luffed**: turned the bow of the boat toward the wind. — **jib sheet**: the rope controlling the small forward sail or jib. — **tickle**: a narrow, difficult entrance to a harbor. — **tide rip**: rapids caused by the rush of the tide. — **flakes**: frames or platforms for drying codfish. — **foxfire**: the phosphorescent light given out by decayed timber. — **taffrail**: the rail around the stern of a vessel. — **primal silence**: the silence of the beginning of the world. — **huskies**: sledge dogs. — **ululating** (ul'ti lă tîng): with a howling, wailing sound. — **aft**: toward the stern of a boat. — (**Way ee'ses**) the white wolf, the strong one. — **degenerate**: less worthy, having lost physical or moral qualities.

ALONG THE DOCKS

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824-1892) was an American essayist and orator, distinguished for his integrity and courage as well as for his charming literary style. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and many hours of his boyhood were spent upon the wharves of that city.

My earliest remembrances are of a long range of old, 5
half-dilapidated stores, — red brick stores with steep
wooden roofs and stone window frames and door frames,
which stood upon docks built as if for immense trade
with all quarters of the globe.

Generally there were only a few sloops moored to the 10
tremendous posts, which I fancied could easily hold fast a
Spanish Armada in a tropical hurricane. But sometimes
a great ship, an East Indiaman, with rusty, seamed, blistered
sides and dingy sails, came slowly moving up the
harbor, with an air of indolent self-importance and con- 15
sciousness of superiority, which inspired me with profound
respect. If the ship had ever chanced to run down a row-
boat or a sloop or any specimen of smaller craft, I should
only have wondered at the temerity of any floating thing
in crossing the path of such supreme majesty. 20

How the stately monster had been fattening upon foreign
spoils! How it had gorged itself (such galleons did
never seem to me of the feminine gender) with the luscious

treasures of the tropics. It had lain its lazy length along the shores of China, and sucked in whole flowery harvests of tea. The Brazilian sun flashed through the strong wicker prisons, bursting with bananas and fruits that eschew the
 5 temperate zone. Steams of camphor, of sandal wood, arose from the hold. Sailors chanting cabalistic strains, that had to my ear a shrill and monotonous pathos, like the uniform rising and falling of an autumn wind, turned cranks that lifted the bales and boxes and crates and swung
 10 them ashore.

But to my mind the spell of their singing raised the fragrant freight, — and not the crank. Madagascar and Ceylon appeared at the mystic bidding of the song. The placid sunshine of the docks was perfumed with India.
 15 The universal calm of southern seas poured from the bosom of the ship over the quiet old northern port.

Long after the confusion of unloading was over, and the ship lay as if all voyages were ended, I dared to creep timidly along the edge of the dock, and at great risk of
 20 falling into the black water of its huge shadow, I placed my hand upon the hot hulk and so established a mystic and exquisite connection with the Pacific islands, with palm groves, with jungles, pepper, and Bengal tigers. I touched Asia, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Happy
 25 Islands. I would not believe that the heat I felt was of our northern sun; to my finer sympathy it burned with equatorial fervors.

The freight was piled in the old stores. Silence reigned within, — silence, dimness, and piles of foreign treasure. Vast coils of cable, like tame boa-constrictors, served as seats for men with heavy watch seals and nankeen trousers, who sat looking out of the door toward the ships, with little 5 other sign of life than an occasional low talking as if in their sleep. Huge hogsheads perspiring brown sugar and oozing slow molasses, as if nothing tropical could keep within bounds, but must continually expand and exude and overflow, stood against the walls, and had an archi- 10 tectural significance, for they darkly reminded me of Egyptian prints, and in the duskiness of the low-vaulted store seemed cyclopean columns incomplete. Strange festoons and heaps of bags, square piles of square boxes cased in mats, bales of airy summer stuffs, which even in winter 15 scoffed at cold and shamed it by audacious assumption of eternal sun, little specimen boxes of precious dyes that even now shine through my memory, — these were all there in rich confusion.

The stores had a twilight of dimness; the air was spicy 20 with mingled odors. I liked to look in suddenly, from the glare of sunlight outside; and then the cool, sweet dimness was like the palpable breath of the far-off island groves. And if only some parrot or macaw, hung within, would flaunt with glistening plumage in his cage, and, as the gay 25 hue flashed in a chance sunbeam, call in his hard, shrill voice, as if thrusting sharp sounds upon a glistening wire

from out that grateful gloom, then the enchantment was complete, and without moving I was circumnavigating the globe.

From the old stores and the docks, slowly crumbling,
5 touched, I know not why or how, by the pensive air of



PROVIDENCE HARBOR IN 1837

past prosperity, I rambled out of town on these well-remembered afternoons, to the fields that lay upon hill-sides over the harbor, and there sat, looking out to sea, fancying some distant sail to be my type and image, who
10 would so sail, stately and successful, to all the glorious

ports of the future. Going home, I returned by the stores which the porters were closing. But I stood long looking in, saturating my imagination, and, as it appeared, my clothes, with the spicy suggestion. For when I reached home my thrifty mother came snuffing and smelling about me.

5

“Why, my son (snuff, snuff), where have you been? Has the baker (snuff, snuff) been making gingerbread? You smell (snuff, snuff) as if you had been in a bag of cinnamon.”

“I’ve only been on the wharves, mother.”

“Well, my dear, I hope your clothes are not covered 10 with molasses. Wharves are dirty places, and dangerous. You must take care of yourself, my son. Really, this smell is very strong.”

But I departed from the maternal presence, proud and happy. I was aromatic. I bore about me the true foreign 15 air. Whoever smelt me smelt distant countries. I pleased myself with being the representative of the Indies. I was in good odor with myself and all the world.

From *Prue and I*

Spanish Armada: a splendid fleet sent out by Spain against England in 1588. — **galleon**: a large, clumsy vessel of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. — **eschew**: shun, avoid. — **cabalistic**: mysterious, full of hidden meaning. — **exquisite** (ěx'quĩ zĩt): of unusually fine quality. This word is often wrongly accented on the second syllable. — **Happy Islands**: fabled islands in the Atlantic Ocean, much talked of by sailors before the days of Columbus. — **nankeen**: a durable, brownish-yellow cotton cloth. — **darkly**: obscurely, mysteriously. — **low-vaulted**: low-studded. — **cyclopean**: gigantic, huge. — **grateful**: pleasing to the senses. — **in good odor**: in good standing, or in good repute.

MY LOST YOUTH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1882. He is perhaps the best known and best loved of all American poets, not only at home but abroad.

- 5 Often I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea;
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me.
10 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still:
 “A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”
- I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
15 And catch, in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 And islands that were the Hesperides
 Of all my boyish dreams.
 And the burden of that old song,
20 It murmurs and whispers still:
 “A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free ;
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.

5

And the voice of that wayward song
 Is singing and saying still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill ;
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.

10

And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

15

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
 Across the school-boy's brain ;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain.

20

And the voice of that fitful song
 Sings on, and is never still :

25

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

There are things of which I may not speak ;

There are dreams that cannot die ;

5 There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song

Come over me like a chill :

10 “A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

Strange to me now are the forms I meet

When I visit the dear old town ;

But the native air is pure and sweet,

15 And the trees that o’ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still :

20 “A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

And Deering’s Woods are fresh and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain

My heart goes back to wander there,

And among the dreams of the days that were,

25 I find my lost youth again.



And the strange and beautiful song,
 The groves are repeating it still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Hesperides (hēs pēr'ī dēz): gardens where grew the wonderful golden apples which were famous in Greek mythology.

THE CASTAWAY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

NOTE. Young David Balfour, having been shipwrecked off the west coast of Scotland, is washed ashore on a tiny island not far from Mull. In the following pages he tells of his experience on the rocky islet.

With my stepping ashore I began the most unhappy
5 part of my adventures. It was half-past twelve in the
morning, and though the wind was broken by the land, it
was a cold night. I dared not sit down (for I thought I
should have frozen), but took off my shoes and walked to
and fro upon the sand, barefoot and beating my breast,
10 with infinite weariness. There was no sound of man or
cattle; not a cock crew, though it was about the hour of
their first waking; only the surf broke outside in the
distance. To walk by the sea at that hour, and in a place
so lonesome, struck me with a kind of fear.

15 As soon as the day began to break I put on my shoes
and climbed a hill, — the ruggedest scramble I ever under-
took — falling, the whole way, between big blocks of
granite or leaping from one to another. When I got to
the top the dawn was come. There was no sign of the brig,
20 which must have lifted from the reef and sunk. The boat,
too, was nowhere to be seen. There was never a sail upon
the ocean; and in what I could see of the land, was neither
house nor man.

I was afraid to think what had befallen my shipmates, and afraid to look longer at so empty a scene. What with my wet clothes and my weariness and hunger, I had enough to trouble me without that. So I set off eastward along the south coast, hoping to find a house where I 5 might warm myself, and perhaps get news of those I had lost. And at the worst, I considered the sun would soon rise and dry my clothes.

After a little my way was stopped by a creek or inlet of the sea, which seemed to run pretty deep into the land ; 10 and as I had no means to get across, I must needs change my direction to go about the end of it. It was still the roughest kind of walking ; indeed the whole, not only of Earraid, but of the neighboring part of Mull (which they call the Ross), is nothing but a jumble of granite rocks with 15 heather in among. At first the creek kept narrowing, as I had looked to see ; but presently, to my surprise, it began to widen out again. I had still no notion of the truth until at last I came to a rising ground, and it burst upon me all in a moment that I was cast upon a little barren 20 isle, and cut off on every side by the salt seas.

Instead of the sun rising to dry me, it came on to rain, with a thick mist, so that my case was lamentable.

I stood in the rain and shivered, and wondered what to do, till it occurred to me that perhaps the creek was ford- 25 able. Back I went to the narrowest point and waded in. But not three yards from shore I plumped in head over

ears. I was no wetter (for that could hardly be), but I was all the colder for this mishap, and, having lost another hope, was the more unhappy.

The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a
 5 thought to me that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, they had either their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very different. I had nothing in my pockets
 10 but money, and, being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

I knew, indeed, that shellfish were counted good to eat ; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike from their
 15 places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call " buckies " ; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them ; and so hungry was I that at first they
 20 seemed to me delicious.

All day it streamed rain ; the island ran like a sop ; there was no dry spot to be found ; and when I lay down that night, between two bowlders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.

25 The second day I crossed the island to all sides. There was no one part of it better than another ; it was all desolate and rocky ; nothing living on it but game birds, which

I lacked the means to kill, and the gulls which haunted the outlying rocks in a prodigious number. But the creek that cut off the isle from the main land of the Ross opened out on the north into a bay, and it was the neighborhood of this place that I chose to be my home.

5

I had good reasons for my choice. There was in this part of the isle a little hut of a house like a pig's hut, where fishers used to sleep when they came there upon their business; but the turf roof of it had fallen entirely in, so that the hut was of no use to me, and gave me less shelter than my rocks. What was more important, the shellfish on which I lived grew there in great plenty; when the tide was out I could gather a peck at a time, and this was doubtless a convenience. But the other reason went deeper. I had become in no way used to the horrid solitude of the isle, but still looked round me on all sides (like a man that was hunted), between fear and hope that I might see some human creature coming. Now, from a little up the hillside over the bay I could catch a sight of a great, ancient church and the roofs of houses. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke when I was wet and cold and had my head half turned with loneliness, and think of the fireside and the company, till my heart burned. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it

25

kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shellfish, and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was quite alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

5 I say it kept hope alive; and indeed it seemed impossible that I should be left to die on the shores of my own country, and within view of a church tower and the smoke of men's houses. But the second day passed; and though as long as the light lasted I kept a bright lookout for boats,
10 or men passing on the Ross, no help came near me. It still rained and I turned in to sleep as wet as ever.

Charles the Second declared a man could stay outdoors more days in the year in the climate of England than in any other. This was very like a king with a palace at his
15 back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester than I had on that miserable isle. It was the height of the summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

20 Indeed, my plight on that third morning was truly pitiful. My clothes were beginning to rot, my stockings in particular were quite worn through, my hands had grown soft with the continual soaking, my throat was very sore, my strength had much abated, and my heart so turned
25 against the stuff I was condemned to eat, that the very sight of it came near to sicken me.

And yet the worst was not yet come.

There is a pretty high rock on the northwest of Earraid, which I was much in the habit of frequenting ; not that ever I stayed in one place save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain. 5

As soon, however, as the sun came out I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair ; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. 10 On the south of my rock a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden a coble with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it came flying round that corner 15 of the isle. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock and reached up my hands and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear, — I could even see the color of their hair ; and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue and 20 laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew on right before my eyes.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously ; even after they were out of reach of my voice I still cried and 25 waved to them, and when they were quite gone I thought my heart would have burst.

The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shellfish revived my courage.

5 I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming, with her head in my direction.

I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their
10 cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment such as yesterday's was more than I could bear. I turned my back, accordingly, upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds. The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I
15 counted the full thousand, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid!

I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the sea-side and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could
20 go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry I must wet it with the sea water before I was able to shout.

All this time the boat was coming on, and now I was
25 able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of a bright yellow and the other black. But now



there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

As soon as they were come within easy speech they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications
5 they drew no nearer in, and, what frightened me most of all, the new man te-hee'd with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand.
10 Listening very close, I caught the word "whatever" several times, but all the rest was Gaelic and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

"Whatever," said I, to show him that I had caught a word.

15 "Yes, yes — yes, yes," says he, and then began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand towards the mainland of the Ross.

20 "Do you mean that when the tide is out — ?" I cried, and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to te-hee with laughter), leaped
25 back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out upon the shores of the

creek ; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Earraid, which is only what they call a tidal islet, and can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or, at the most, by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shellfish—even I (I say), if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret and got free. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers I might have left my bones there in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings, but in my present case, being clothed like a beggar man, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat. 20

From Kidnapped

Balfour (bāl'fūr).—**Mull**: an island off the west coast of Scotland.—**Earraid**: a small island near Mull.—**horrid**: terrible or horrible. This word is often wrongly used to mean “disagreeable.”—**turned in**: lay down for the night.—**Charles the Second**: a king of England. In 1651 he was defeated in battle at Worcester (wōōs'tēr) and barely escaped with his life. For two months he traveled in the disguise of a peasant.—**coble** (kōb'l): a small fishing boat.—**Gaelic** (gā'lic): the ancient language of Scotland.



THE STORMY PETREL

BARRY CORNWALL

BARRY CORNWALL was the assumed name of Bryan Waller Procter (1787-1874), an English poet whom a well-known critic calls "a natural and exquisite song writer."

NOTE. The stormy petrels are tiny black and white birds, often called
 5 by sailors "Mother Carey's chickens." They are said to be seen most frequently when a storm is approaching.

A thousand miles from land are we,
 Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
 From billow to bounding billow cast,
 10 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :
 The sails are scattered abroad like weeds ;
 The strong masts shake like quivering reeds ;
 The mighty cables, and iron chains,
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains, —

They strain and they crack ; and hearts like stone
 Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down ! Up and down !

From the base of the wave to the billow's crown ;

And midst the flashing and feathery foam

5

The Stormy Petrel finds a home, —

A home, if such a place may be

For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,

On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,

And only seeketh her rocky lair

10

To warm her young, and to teach them to spring

At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing.

O'er the deep ! O'er the deep !

Where the whale, and the shark, and the swordfish

sleep ;

15

Outflying the blast and the driving rain,

The Petrel telleth her tale — in vain ;

For the mariner curseth the warning bird

Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard !

Ah ! thus does the prophet of good or ill

20

Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still ;

Yet he ne'er falters : — so, Petrel, spring

Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

Petrel (pět'rél) : a name meaning “little Peter” ; perhaps from the story of St. Peter's walking on the waves.



A HIGHLAND ADVENTURE

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK (1826-1887) was an English novelist and poet.

Nobody who has lived only in a flat country can have the least idea of what a stream really is in the Highlands. Not a quiet, babbling, good-tempered brook, but a perfect
 5 torrent, which, be the volume of water great or small, is equally impetuous. It comes leaping from rock to rock, circling the larger stones, dashing over the little ones; divided here and there into half a dozen zigzag channels, or again joined into one, flowing for perhaps a few yards,
 .10 until the rocky impediments break it once more. Mostly it is so shallow that you can step through it, but in places it sinks into deep, still pools under the hollows of rocks, — tempting, transparent, crystal baths, where you can almost

see the bottom. But it must be a very venturesome bather who would put his foot in *there*.

Such a stream was the one I speak of, up the channel of which we four merry boys went. What fun, what laughing we had! How we took off our shoes and stockings and 5 slung them over our shoulders, that we might the easier cling to the smooth stones. How delicious it was to feel the water dashing coldly over our bare feet, as we tried, by the puny resistance of those said feet planted across lesser channels, to stop a current that was as resistless as time. 10

No felicity is without its vexations, and I remember we were tormented by the midges, that would come about us in myriads, settling on our faces and stinging, till they almost drove us crazy.

I cannot call to mind every portion of our walk, or 15 rather scramble, for we scorned anything like regular locomotion, but I know that our next trouble was something worse than midges. We got into a bog.

I never can understand why, on mountain sides, which one might naturally expect to find dry, there should be 20 such a deal of bog land. To me, an English boy, quite unaccustomed to such a thing, I own it was not overpleasant. On I plunged, choosing for a footing the greenest-looking mosses, and always finding them the deepest in water. But I was too proud to confess the fact, so floun- 25 dered silently on, seeing the other lads far before me. At last Norman turned and shouted for me to come on.

"Presently," I answered, putting a bold face on the matter, "but it's rather bad walking."

It certainly was; I being just then busy hunting for one of my shoes, in the search for which I left the other shoe
5 behind me.

"Come on, Phil!" shouted the boys once more.

"I can't," cried I, piteously, despair at last subduing my courage; "I've lost my shoes and I can't walk home barefoot. Will nobody come and help me?"

10 "What! you expect us to go back through all the bog!"
Hector replied, from near the top of the hill. "Hurrah! I'm out of the moss now, and it's such a beautiful view. Make haste, boys."

Very easy that — with some dozen yards nearly impass-
15 able between me and the enviable hilltop, to say nothing of the lost shoes! Except that I was ashamed, I could have sat down and cried. Once I thought of calling for Norman, but then I did not care so very much for him. Hector was my chief friend and Hector had deserted me.

20 However, when I was standing sulky and disconsolate, looking at my stockings all tramped to holes, and my trousers wet up to the knees, I found Norman beside me. He had come all the way without my asking him.

"Well, old fellow, and what's to be done for you? Here
25 has Jamie been in just the same plight." (Oh, what a comfort that was!) "Come, cheer up! never mind."

"I don't mind," said I, proudly, "if I could but find my

shoes, considering that I have n't another pair and am not at home as you are." And I began to think mournfully how my poor mother had charged me to be very careful of my clothes, since she was not rich enough to buy me more for a long time. Horrible visions rose up of my having 5 henceforward to go about barefoot, like the little ragged boys I so despised. It was an accumulation of woes.

Perhaps Norman saw I was sulky, for he tried no more consolation except in a practical way. He said nothing, but cut a long stick from a fallen tree and poked about in all 10 directions for a dozen yards, until at last, after infinite patience, he found my shoes. I shall never forget my joy when he jokingly exhibited them, one stuck upon each prong of the long stick.

"Thank you, Norman," I cried.

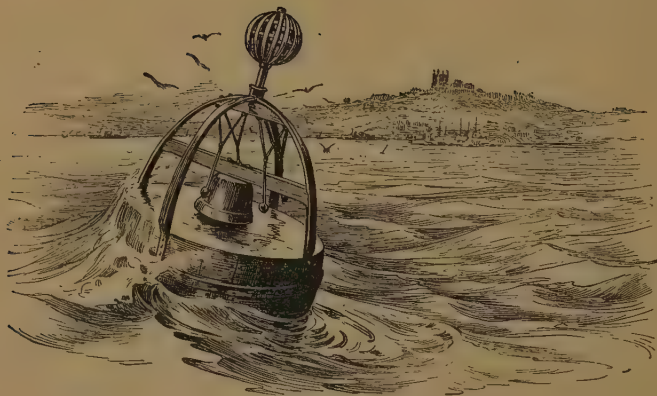
15

"Stop, Phil; you cannot put them on. See how soaked they are! They'd be the death of you. Come, off with your stockings too; put them in your pocket and sling your shoes over your shoulder; then you'll be quite sure not to lose either."

20

His cheery voice and manner would have encouraged anybody to do anything. He made so light of the trouble too, and bore his part of it—for he had got desperately wet—so uncomplainingly! Before I knew what I was about I found myself laughing merrily,—stepping from 25 heather tuft to heather tuft as he told me,—and at last we stood in safety on the hilltop.

From *A Hero*



THE BELL BUOY

RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING, one of the foremost English writers of to-day, was born in India in 1865. Besides his stories of life in India and his books of verse he is the author of *The Jungle Book*, *The Second Jungle Book*, and *Captains Courageous*, which are widely popular among young readers. 5 Mr. Kipling lived in Vermont for a few years.

They christened my brother of old —

And a saintly name he bears —

They gave him his place to hold

At the head of the belfry stairs,

10

Where the minster towers stand

And the breeding kestrels cry.

Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

.

When the smoking scud is blown,
 When the greasy wind-rack lowers,
 Apart and at peace and alone,
 He counts the changeless hours.

He wars with darkling Powers 5
 (I war with a darkling sea);

Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not he!

There was never a priest to pray,
 There was never a hand to toll, 10
 When they made me guard of the bay,
 And moored me over the shoal.

I rock, I reel, and I roll —
 My four great hammers ply —
 Could I speak or be still at the Church's will? 15
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

The landward marks have failed,
 The fog bank glides unguessed,
 The seaward lights are veiled,
 The spent deep feigns her rest: 20
 But my ear is laid to her breast,
 I lift to the swell — I cry!

Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

At the careless end of night

I thrill to the nearing screw,

I turn in the nearing light

And I call to the drowsy crew ;

5 And the mud boils foul and blue

As the blind bow backs away.

Will they give me their thanks if they clear the
banks ?

(*Shoal ! ' Ware shoal !*) Not they !

10 The beach pools cake and skim,

The bursting spray-heads freeze,

I gather on crown and rim

The gray, grained ice of the seas,

Where sheathed from bitt to trees,

15 The plunging colliers lie.

Would I barter my place for the Church's grace ?

(*Shoal ! ' Ware shoal !*) Not I !

Through the blur of the whirling snow,

Or the black of the inky sleet,

20 The lanterns gather and grow,

And I look for the homeward fleet.

Rattle of block and sheet —

“Ready about — stand by !”

Shall I ask them a fee ere they fetch the quay ?

25 (*Shoal ! ' Ware shoal !*) Not I !

I dip and I surge and I swing
 In the rip of the racing tide,
 By the gates of doom I sing,
 On the horns of death I ride.
 A ship-length overside,
 Between the course and the sand,
 Fretted and bound I bide
 Peril whereof I cry.

Would I change with my brother a league inland?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

5

10

From *The Five Nations*

kestrel: a small, slender, European hawk. — **'ware**: beware. — **moored**
me: the bell is mounted on a large float and rung by the motion of the
 waves. — **spent**: exhausted. — **screw**: the propeller of a steamer. — **cake**:
 become crusted. — **bitts, trees**: supporting pieces of timber on a ship's
 deck and at the top of the mast. — **colliers**: coal vessels. — **block and sheet**:
 pulley and rope, used in a ship's rigging. — **fetch**: reach. — **rip**: rush. —
doom: destruction. — **the course**: the safe track for a vessel.



AT SEA

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891) was one of America's most distinguished men of letters. As a poet, essayist, and critic his writings cover a wide range and are notable for elegance of expression. Among his best known poems are *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and *The Biglow Papers*.

5 The most beautiful thing I have seen at sea, all the more
so that I had never heard of it, is the trail of a shoal of
fish through the phosphorescent water. It is like a flight
of silver rockets, or the streaming of northern lights
through that silent nether heaven. I thought nothing
10 could go beyond that rustling star foam which was churned
up by our ship's bows, or those eddies and disks of dreamy
flame that rose and wandered out of sight behind us.

'T was fire our ship was plunging through,
Cold fire that o'er the quarter flew;
15 And wandering moons of idle flame
Grew full and waned, and went and came,
Dappling with light the huge sea snake
That slid behind us in the wake.

But there was something even more delicately rare in the
20 apparition of the fish, as they turned up in gleaming fur-
rows the latent moonshine which the ocean seemed to have
hoarded against these vacant interlunar nights. In the
Mediterranean one day, as we were lying becalmed, I
observed the water freckled with dingy specks, which at

last gathered to a pinkish scum on the surface. The sea had been so phosphorescent for some nights, that when the captain gave me my bath, by dousing me with buckets from the house on deck, the spray flew off my head and shoulders in sparks. It occurred to me that this dirty-look- 5 ing scum might be the luminous matter, and I had a pailful dipped up to keep till after dark. When I went to look at it after nightfall, it seemed at first perfectly dead; but when I shook it, the whole broke out into what I can only liken to milky flames, whose lambent silence was strangely 10 beautiful, and startled me almost as actual projection might an alchemist. I could not bear to be the death of so much beauty, so I poured it all overboard again.

In the ocean horizon I took untiring delight. It is the true magic circle of expectation and conjecture, almost 15 as good as a wishing ring. What will rise over that edge we sail toward daily and never overtake? a sail? an island? the new shore of the Old World? Something rose every day which I need not have gone so far to see, but at whose levee I was a much more faithful courtier 20 than on shore. A cloudless sunrise in mid-ocean is beyond comparison for simple grandeur. It is like Dante's style, bare and perfect.

The geographies of our ancestors were works of fancy and imagination. They read poems where we yawn over items. 25 It was easy enough to believe the story of Dante, when two thirds of even the upper world were yet untraversed

and unmapped. With every step of the recent traveler our inheritance of the wonderful is diminished. Where is the roc whose eggs are possibly bowlders, needing no far-fetched theory of glacier or iceberg to account for them? 5 Where the unicorn, with that single horn of his, sovereign against all manner of poisons? Where the Fountain of Youth? All these and a thousand others we have lost and have got nothing instead of them.

Year by year, more and more of the world gets disen- 10 chanted. Even the icy privacy of the arctic and antarctic circles is invaded. Everything is accounted for, everything cut and dried, and the world may be put together as easily as the fragments of a dissected map. The mysterious bounds nothing now on the north, south, east, or 15 west. We have played Jack Horner with our earth until there is never a plum left in it.

Abridged from *Fireside Travels*

phosphorescence : the state of being luminous or giving out light. Sea water is often phosphorescent from the light given out by the bodies of tiny marine animals. — **nether** : lower. — **quarter** : the side of a ship between the middle portion and the stern. — **idle** : not active, ineffectual. — **wake** : the track left by a ship in the water. — **latent** : hidden. — **interlunar** : between the periods of moonlight. — **lambent** : gleaming. — **projection** : the critical point of a chemical experiment. — **alchemist** : one who professes to be able to turn other metals into gold by a chemical process. — **levee** (lə vĕ') : a morning reception held by a prince. — **Dante** (dăn'tĕ) : a great Italian poet who wrote of his imaginary journey to the underworld and to the celestial regions. — **roc** : a mythical bird of great size whose eggs were said to be several feet in diameter. — **unicorn** : a fabled creature having only one horn. — **sovereign** : efficacious.

JUNE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Now is the high tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbd away
 Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
 Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it, 5
 We are happy now because God wills it;
 No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell; 10
 We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing, 15
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, — 20
 And hark! how clear bôld chanticleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

THE HOMEWARD RUN¹

RUDYARD KIPLING

NOTE. The crew of the Gloucester fishing schooner *We're Here*, having finished a successful season off the Banks and packed their vessel with fish, are preparing to hoist sail for home. Disko Troop is the captain, Dan is his son, and Harvey is a lad whom they rescued at sea at the beginning of their trip. Harvey's adventures, from the day he falls overboard from an ocean steamer to the time of his return, are told in entertaining fashion in *Captains Courageous*.

At ten in the morning Disko began hauling out the big mainsail. By noon the riding sail was down, and the main-
 10 sail and topsail were up, and dories came alongside with letters for home, envying their good fortune. At last the *We're Here* cleared decks, hoisted her flag, — as is the right of the first boat off the Banks, — up-anchored, and began to move. Disko pretended that he wished to ac-
 15 commodate folk who had not sent in their mail, and so worked her gracefully in and out among the schooners. In reality that was his little triumphant procession, and for the fifth year running it showed what kind of mariner he was.

20 The last letters pitched on deck, wrapped round pieces of coal, and the Gloucester men shouted messages to their wives and women folk and owners, while the *We're Here* finished the ride through the fleet, her headsails quivering like a man's hand when he raises it to say good-by.

¹ Copyright, 1896, 1897, by Rudyard Kipling.

Harvey very soon discovered that the *We're Here*, with her riding sail, strolling from berth to berth, and the *We're Here*, headed west by south under home canvas, were two very different boats. There was a bite and kick to the wheel even in "boys'" weather; he could feel the dead weight in the hold flung forward mightily across the surges, and the streaming line of bubbles overside made his eyes dizzy.

Disko kept them busy fiddling with the sails, and when those were flattened like a racing yacht's, Dan had to wait on the big topsail, which was put over by hand every time she went about. In spare moments they pumped, for the packed fish dripped brine, which does not improve a cargo. But since there was no fishing, Harvey had time to look on the sea from another point of view. The low-sided schooner was naturally on most intimate terms with her surroundings. They saw little of the horizon save when she topped a swell; and usually she was elbowing, fidgeting, and coaxing her steadfast way through gray, gray-blue, or black hollows laced across and across with streaks of shivering foam; or rubbing herself caressingly along the flank of some bigger water hill. It was as if she said: "You would n't hurt me, surely? I'm only the little *We're Here*." Then she would slide away, chuckling softly to herself, till she was brought up by some fresh obstacle.

The dullest of folk cannot see this kind of thing hour after hour through long days without noticing it, and

Harvey, being anything but dull, began to comprehend and enjoy the dry chorus of wave tops turning over with a sound of incessant tearing; the hurry of the winds working across open spaces and herding the purple-blue
 5 cloud shadows; the splendid upheaval of the red sunrise; the folding and packing away of the morning mists, wall after wall withdrawn across the white floors; the salty glare and blaze of noon; the kiss of rain falling over thousands of dead, flat, square miles; the chilly black-
 10 ening of everything at the day's end; and the million wrinkles of the sea under the moonlight, when the jib boom solemnly poked at the low stars, and Harvey went down to get a doughnut from the cook.

But the best fun was when the boys were put on the
 15 wheel together, and she cuddled her lee rail down to the crashing blue and kept a little homemade rainbow arching unbroken over her windlass. Then the jaws of the booms whined against the masts, and the sheets creaked, and the sails filled with roaring; and when she slid into a
 20 hollow she trampled like a woman tripped in her own silk dress, and came out, her jib wet halfway up, yearning and peering for the tall twin lights of Thatcher's Island. . . .

Disko wiped the wet from his eyes and led the *We're Here* to the wharf, giving his orders in whispers, while
 25 she swung round moored tugs, and night watchmen hailed her from the ends of inky-black piers.



Over and above the darkness and the mystery of the procession Harvey could feel the land close round him once more, with all its thousands of people asleep, and the smell of earth after rain, and the familiar noise of a
 5 switching engine coughing to herself in a freight yard. They heard the anchor watch snoring on a lighthouse tug, nosed into a pocket of darkness where a lantern glimmered on either side; somebody waked with a grunt, threw them a rope, and they made fast to a silent wharf flanked with
 10 great iron-roofed sheds full of warm emptiness, and lay there without a sound.

riding sail: a sail used to steady a vessel while she is at anchor or moving slowly. — **dories**: small rowboats with high sides. — **the Banks**: a locality off the southern coast of Newfoundland, famous for its quantities of codfish. — **headsails**: the sails in the fore part of the vessel. — **berth**: a fishing place. — **boys' weather**: weather in which even a boy could manage a boat. — **fiddling**: fussing. — **went about**: changed her direction. — **jib boom**: the spar on which the forward sail or jib is spread. — **lee rail**: lower rail. — **sheets**: ropes. — **anchor watch**: one or more sailors in charge of a ship at anchor. — **pocket**: a dark place or slip.



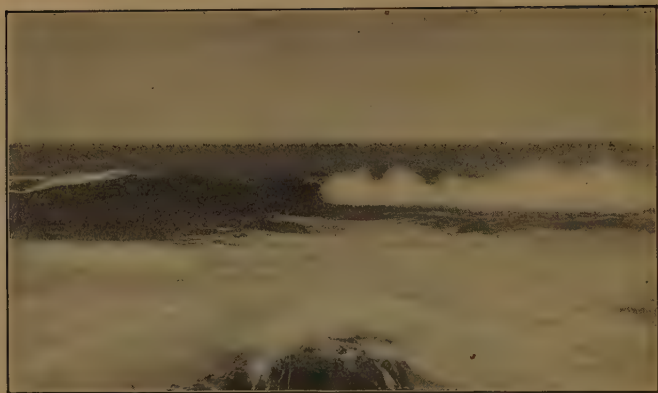
THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

MATTHEW ARNOLD

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822–1888) was a famous English critic, essayist, and poet. The following lines are taken from one of his best-known poems.

Come, dear children, let us away;
 Down and away below!
 Now my brothers call from the bay, 5
 Now the great winds shoreward blow,
 Now the salt tides seaward flow;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away! 10
 This way, this way!

Call her once before you go —
 Call once yet!
 In a voice that she will know:
 “Margaret! Margaret!” 15
 Children’s voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother’s ear;
 Children’s voices, wild with pain —
 Surely she will come again!
 Call her once, and come away; 20
 This way, this way!
 “Mother dear, we cannot stay!



The wild white horses foam and fret.”
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.

5 One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

10 Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
15 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,

Where the winds are all asleep ;
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
 Where the sea beasts, ranged all round,
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground ; 5
 Where the sea snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
 Round the world forever and aye ? 10
 When did music come this way ?
 Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away ?
 Once she sate with you and me, 15
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sate on her knee.
 She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
 When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
 She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea ; 20
 She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
 In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
 'T will be Easter-time in the world — ah, me !
 And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
 I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves ; 25
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea caves."

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday? . . .

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
5 When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom ;
And high rocks throw mildly
10 On the blanched sands a gloom :
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb tide leaves dry.
15 We will gaze from the sand hills
At the white sleeping town ;
At the church on the hillside —
And then come back down,
Singing: " There dwells a loved one,
20 But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

merman : a fabulous man of the sea, supposed to have human feelings and affections. — **white horses** : the foam tossed by the waves as they break on the shore. This comparison has always been a favorite poetical figure. — **mail** : scaly covering, like armor. — **aye** (ā) : ever. — **sate** (săt) : sat.

COLONEL NEWCOME AND HIS SON

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

NOTE. Colonel Newcome, after an absence of seven years, has returned from India and is about to enjoy a holiday with his son Clive.

Colonel Newcome dismissed his cab at Ludgate Hill and walked thence by the dismal precincts of Newgate and across the muddy pavement of Smithfield on his way 5 back to the old school where his son was, a way which he had trodden many a time in his own early days.

A great noise of shouting, crying, treble voices, bass voices, poured out of the schoolboys' windows: their life, bustle, and gayety contrasted strangely with the quiet of 10 the old pensioners creeping along in their black gowns under the ancient arches. There was Thomas Newcome, arrived at the middle of life, standing between the shouting boys and the tottering seniors, and in a situation to moralize upon both, had not his son Clive, who has espied 15 him from within Mr. Hopkinson's, or let us say at once Hopkey's home, come jumping down the steps to greet his sire. Schoolfellows, grinning through the bars, envied him as he walked away; senior boys made remarks on Colonel Newcome's loose clothes and long mustaches, his 20 brown hands and unbrushed hat.

"Tell me about your uncles, Clive," said the Colonel, as they walked on arm in arm.

"What about them, sir?" asks the boy. "I don't think I know much."

"You have been to stay with them. You wrote about them. Were they kind to you?"

5 "Oh, yes, I suppose they are very kind; only you know when I go there I scarcely ever see them. Mr. Newcome asks me the oftenest, and he always gives me a sovereign."

"Well, he must see you to give you the sovereign," says Clive's father, laughing.

10 "The boy blushed rather.

"Yes. When it's time to go back to Smithfield on a Sunday night I go into the dining room to shake hands, but he does n't speak to me much. And I don't care about going to Bryanstone Square because I am made to dine
15 with the children and a great cross French governess who is always shrieking after them and finding fault with them. And you see, though Aunt Hobson is very kind and all that, I don't think she's what you call *comme il faut*."

20 "Why, how are you to judge?" asks the father, amused at the lad's candid prattle, "and where does the difference lie?"

"I can't tell you what it is, or how it is," the boy answered, "only one can't help seeing the difference.
25 There are some men gentlemen and some not, and some women ladies and some not. There's Jones now, the fifth-form schoolmaster; every man sees *he's* a gentleman,

though he wears ever so old clothes. And there's Mr. Brown, who oils his hair and wears rings and white chokers—my eyes! such white chokers!—and yet we call him the handsome snob. And so about Aunt Maria; she's very handsome and she's very finely dressed, only some- 5 how she's not — she's not the ticket, you see."

"Oh, she's not the ticket," says the Colonel, much amused.

"Well, what I mean is — but never mind," says the boy, "I can't tell you what I mean. I don't like to make 10 fun of her, you know, for after all she is very kind to me; but Aunt Ann is different, and it seems as if what she said is more natural. And, do you know, I often think that as good a lady as Aunt Ann is old Aunt Honeyman at Brighton. For she is not proud, and she is not vain, and 15 she never says an unkind word behind anybody's back, and she is not a bit ashamed of being poor, as sometimes I think some of our family —"

"I thought we were going to speak no ill of them," says the Colonel, smiling. 20

"Well, it only slipped out unawares," says Clive, laughing; "but at Newcome, when they go on about the Newcomes, and Barnes Newcome gives himself airs, it makes me die of laughing. That time I went to see old Aunt Sarah she told me everything and showed me the room 25 where she and my grandfather worked in the mill, and I was a little hurt at first. And when I came back to school,

where perhaps I had been giving myself airs, I thought it was right to tell the fellows."

"That's a man!" cries the Colonel with delight.

"That's a man! Never be ashamed of your father, Clive."

5 "Ashamed of *my* father!" says Clive, looking up at him and walking on as proud as a peacock.

"I say," the lad resumed after a pause.

"Say what you say," said the father.

10 "Is that all true about the Newcome who was burned at Smithfield? about the one who was at the battle of Bosworth? and the old Newcome who was surgeon to Edward the Confessor and was killed at Hastings? I am afraid it is n't, and yet I should like it to be true."

"I think every man would like to come of an ancient
15 and honorable race," said the Colonel, in his honest way.

"As you like your father to be an honorable man, why not your grandfather and his ancestors before him? But if we can't inherit a good name, at least we can do our best to leave one, my boy; and that is an ambition which,
20 please God, you and I will both hold by."

From *The Newcomes*

Ludgate Hill: a busy street in London. — **Newgate**: an ancient prison. — **Smithfield**: once a London district. — **the old school**: Charter House School, where Thackeray went himself. — **pensioners**: old pupils living at the school. — **sovereign**: a gold coin worth \$4.84. — **comme il faut** (kōm ēl fō): belonging to good society. — **fifth form**: an English school grade. — **Bosworth**: a famous battlefield of England. — **Edward the Confessor**: one of the early English kings. — **Hastings**: the great battle in which England was conquered by the Normans.



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AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHARINE LEE BATES

KATHARINE LEE BATES is an American writer and educator.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
 For amber waves of grain,
 For purple mountain majesties
 Above the fruited plain!
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
 Whose stern, impassioned stress
 A thoroughfare for freedom beat
 Across the wilderness!

5 America! America!
 God mend thine every flaw,
 Confirm thy soul in self-control,
 Thy liberty in law!

10 O beautiful for heroes proved
 In liberating strife,
 Who more than self their country loved,
 And mercy more than life!
 America! America!
 May God thy gold refine,
 15 Till all success be nobleness,
 And every gain divine!

 O beautiful for patriot dream
 That sees beyond the years
 Thine alabaster cities gleam
 20 Immaculate of tears!
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

THE RESCUE OF THE SHEEP

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE (1825-1900) was an English novelist of marked originality and power. *Lorna Doone*, from which this selection is taken, is one of the most popular of English novels.

It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of covering in about eight hours. And here it 5 was, blocking up the doors and stopping the ways and the water courses. However, we trudged along in a line; I first and the other men after me, trying to keep my track, but finding legs and strength not up to it. All this time it was snowing harder than it had ever snowed before, 10 so far as a man might guess at it; and the leaden depth of the sky came down, like a mine turned upside down on us. Not that the flakes were so very large, but that there was no room between them, neither any relaxing nor any change of direction. 15

Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us very cheerfully, leaping out of the depth, which took him over his back and ears already, even in the level places; while in the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight, and never found his way up again. However, we 20 helped him now and then, especially through the gaps and gateways; and so, after a deal of floundering and some laughter, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of our flock was hurdled.

But, behold, there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere; only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow drove in, a great white billow as high as a barn and as broad as a house. Ever
 5 and again the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channeled edges, twirled them round and made them dance over the monster pile, then let them lie like herring bones, or the seams of sand where the tide has been. And all the while, from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at
 10 every blast, came the pelting, pitiless arrows, winged with murky white and pointed with the barbs of frost.

But although, for people who had no sheep, the sight was a very fine one (so far, at least, as the weather permitted any sight at all), yet for us, with our flock beneath
 15 it, this great mount had but little charm. Watch began to scratch at once, and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge was buried there and his business taken from him. But we four men set to in earnest, digging with all our might and main, shoveling away at that great white
 20 pile and fetching it into the meadow. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the soft, cold mass, which slid upon him at every stroke, and throwing it out behind him in piles of castled fancy. At last we drove our tunnels in (for we worked, indeed, for the lives of us), and all con-
 25 verging toward the middle, held our tools and listened.

— The other men heard nothing at all, or declared that they heard nothing, being anxious now to abandon the

matter, because of the chill in their feet and knees. But I said: "Go, if you choose, all of you. I will work it out by myself"; and upon that they gripped their shovels.

But before we began again I laid my head well into the chamber, and there I heard a faint *ma-a-ah* coming 5 through the snow, like a plaintive, buried hope or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was. And then we all fell to again, and very soon we hauled him out. Watch took charge of him at once, with an air of the noblest patronage, lying on his frozen 10 fleece, and licking all his face and feet, to restore his warmth to him. Soon Fighting Tom jumped up and made a little butt at Watch, as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place and looked for something to nibble at. 15

Farther in, and close under the bank, where they had huddled themselves for warmth, we found all the rest of the poor sheep, packed as closely as if they were in a great pie. It was strange to observe how their vapor and breath and the moisture exuding from their wool had 20 scooped a room for them, lined with a ribbing of deep yellow snow. Also the churned snow beneath their feet was as yellow as gamboge.

"However shall we get them home?" John Fry asked in great dismay, when we had cleared about a dozen of 25 them, which we were forced to do very carefully, so as not to fetch the roof down.

"You see to this place, John," I replied, as we leaned on our shovels a moment and the sheep came rubbing round us. "Let no more of them out for the present; they are better where they are. Watch! here, boy, keep them!"

5 Watch came, with his little scut of a tail cocked as sharp as duty, and I set him at the narrow mouth of the great snow antre. All the sheep sidled away and got closer, that the other sheep might be bitten first, as the foolish things imagine; whereas no good sheep dog even
10 so much as lips a sheep to turn it.

Then of the outer sheep (all now snowed and frizzled like a lawyer's wig) I took the two finest and heaviest, and with one beneath my right arm and the other beneath my left, I went straight home to the upper fold, and set
15 them inside and fastened them. Sixty-and-six I took home in that way, two at a time on each journey; and the work grew harder and harder each time, as the drifts of the snow were deepening. No other man should meddle with them; I was resolved to try my strength against the
20 strength of the elements; and try it I did, ay, and proved it. A certain fierce delight burned in me as the struggle grew harder, but rather would I die than yield, and at last I finished it. People talk of it to this day, but none can tell what the labor was who has not felt that snow and wind.

gamboge': a reddish-yellow gum produced by several trees in southern Asia. — **scut**: the tail of a hare or a deer. — **antre** (ăn'tēr): a cavern. — **a lawyer's wig**: in England lawyers in court wear curled white wigs.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

THE FIRST FYTTE

[This famous old ballad is one of the most spirited in all literature. Sir Philip Sidney says of it, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet." Ben Jonson said that he would rather have written it than all his works.

In its inferior version, known as *Chevy Chase*, it was the most popular ballad in seventeenth-century England. Addison devoted two papers in the *Spectator* to its praise. 5

As regards the subject of the ballad, the rivalry between the houses of Percy and Douglas was sufficient to serve as a foundation for the story, which has, however, no historical value. It was a law that the families of the Marches, or the border district between England and Scotland, should not hunt in each other's domains, and doubtless many petty skirmishes took place in consequence. 10

The date of the ballad is uncertain. It was considered old in the sixteenth century, and its rough form tells of its early origin. The translator has followed the original as closely as the desire to make it thoroughly readable permits. Several stanzas were omitted, and liberties were taken with one or two that would not be warranted under other conditions. It is to be hoped that an interest may be roused in the old ballad itself, which, with all its uneven lines and doubtful rhymes, is worthy of careful study.] 20

NOTE. This and other early ballads were sung and told for many years before they were written down.

The Percy came out of Northumberland

And a vow to God made he,

That he would hunt in the mountains

Of Cheviot within days three,

In spite of the doughty Douglas

And all that might with him be.

The fattest harts in all the land

He would kill and carry away.

“By my faith,” said the doughty Douglas then,

“I will let that hunting, if I may.”

5 The Percy out of Bamborough came,

With him a mighty meany ;

With fifteen hundred archers bold ;

That were chosen out of shires three.

This began in Cheviot the hills aboon,

10 Early on a Monenday ;

And when it drew to the hour of noon,

A hundred fat harts dead there lay. . . .

At last a squire of Northumberland

Lookèd at his hand full nigh,

15 And saw the doughty Douglas coming,

With him a mighty meany.

Armed with spear and bill and brand,

It was a sight to see ;

Hardier men, of heart or of hand,

20 Were not in Christiantè.

There were twenty hundred spearmen good,

Withoute any fail,

That were born beside the water of Tweed

In the bounds of Tividale. . . .

The doughty Douglas on a steed
 Rode all his men before;
 His armor glittered like a glede,
 None bolder e'er was born.



“Tell me what men ye are,” he says,
 “Or whose men that you be,
 That you should hunt in Cheviot chase
 In spite of mine and of me.”

• 5

The first man that ever an answer made,
 It was the lord Percÿ.

10

“We will not tell you what men we are,
 Nor whose men that we be,
 But we will hunt here in this chase
 In spite of thine and of thee.” . . .

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the lord Percÿ :

“To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas ! it were great pity.

5 “But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am called an earl in my own country.
Let all our men aside now stand,
And let us battle — thee and me.” . . .

Then spake a squire of Northumberland,
10 Richard Witherington was his name ;
“It shall never be told in South England,” he says,
“To King Henry the Fourth for shame.

“I know that you are two great lords,
And I but a poor squire of land ;
15 Yet my captain shall never fight on a field,
And I stand by to looke on,
But while I may my weapon wield
I will not fail in heart or hand.”

That day, that day, that dreadful day !
20 The first fytte here I find ;
If you will hear any more of this fray,
There is yet more behind. . . .

THE SECOND FYTTE

The Douglas parted his host in three,
 Like a great chieftain of pride,
 With sure spears of mighty tree
 They came in on every side. . . .

The English men let their bows be 5
 And pulled out brands that were bright;
 It was a heavy sight to see
 Bright swords on helmets light. . . .

At last the Douglas and Percý met,
 Like captains of might and main, 10
 They fought together till both did sweat
 With swords of fine Milàn. . . .

“Now yield thee, Percý,” said Douglas then,
 “And in faith I will thee bring
 Where thou shalt have an earl’s reward 15
 From Jamie, our Scottish king.” . . .

“Nay,” said the lord Percý,
 “I told it thee beforne,
 That I would never yielded be
 To man of woman born.” 20

With that an arrow swiftly came,
 Forth from a mighty bow.
 It hath stricken the earl of Douglas
 And brought his proud form low. . . .

5 And never after in all his life
 Did he speak more words than one:
 “Fight on, my merry men, while ye may,
 For my life days are gone.”

 The Percy leanèd on his brand
 10 And saw the Douglas dee;
 He took the dead man by the hand,
 And said “O, wo is me!

 “To have saved thy life I had parted with
 My landes for years three,
 15 For a better man, of heart or of hand,
 There is not in the north country.”

 All this was seen by a Scottish knight,
 Called Sir Hugh the Montgomery;
 When he saw the Douglas to death was dight
 20 He sent a spear, a trusty tree. . . .
 Two better captains than died that day
 Were not in Christiantè. . . .

This battle begun in Cheviot
 An hour before the noon,
 And when the evening bell was rung,
 The battle was not half done. . . .

For Witherington my heart was wo 5
 That ever he slain should be;
 For when both his legs were hewn in two,
 He knelt and fought on his knee. . . .

Word is come to Edinboro' 10
 To Jamie, the Scottish king,
 That doughty Douglas of the Marches
 Lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands then did he clasp and wring,
 And said "Alas, and wo is me!
 Such another captain Scotland within" 15
 He said, "in faith, shall never be."

Word is come to lovely London,
 To Henry the Fourth, our king,
 That the lord Percÿ of the Marches
 Lay slain Cheviot within. 20

"O God, have mercy on his soul,"
 Said he, "if thy will it be!

I have a hundred captains still
 As good as ever was he.
 But Percy, if I have my will
 Revenged thy death shalt be." . . .

5

There was never a time in the border lands
 Since the Percy and Douglas met
 But 't was strange if the red blood did not run
 As the rain does in the street. . . .

Cheviot: the hills of Cheviot lie between England and Scotland. — **fytte** (fit): a division of a ballad. — **The Percy**: famous chieftains were often spoken of in this way, as *the Douglas, the Bruce*. — **doughty** (dou'tý): brave, able. — **harts**: male deer. — **let**: stop, hinder. In Shakespeare's time and earlier there were two verbs *to let*, one meaning *to allow* and one *to hinder*. We still say *without let or hindrance*. — **meany**: company. — **aboon**: above. — **Monenday**: Monday. — **at his hand full nigh**: close at hand. — **bill**: a weapon carried by foot soldiers; it was somewhat like a spear. — **brand**: sword. — **Christiantè**: Christendom, all Europe. — **without** (with out e): without. — **Tweed**: a river of Scotland. — **Tividale**: Teviotdale, the county of Roxburgh, Scotland. — **beforne**: before. — **glede**: glowing fire. — **Percý, pity, countrý**: the accent is often shifted in the old songs for the sake of the meter. — **squire of land**: country squire. — **looke** (lōók e): look. — **mighty tree**: strong wood. — **main**: great strength. — **Milan**: finely tempered steel of Milan. — **merry men**: companions and fellow-soldiers. — **dee**: die. This is mentioned as an added bitterness — that his enemy should see him die. — **by the hand**: a similar scene is described in Virgil's great poem of the *Æneid* (Book X, 823), as Addison points out in his article on *Chevy Chase*. — **landes** (lānd'ēs): lands. — **digit**: destined. — **a trusty tree**: made of firm wood. — **lovely London**: an oft-recurring phrase in the old ballads.

ACROSS THE DESERT

ALEXANDER W. KINGLAKE

ALEXANDER W. KINGLAKE, an English author who was born in 1809, published in 1844 an account of his Eastern travels, which for vividness of description and for ease and refinement of style has always been held in high esteem. The book was called *Eothen* (ē ō' thén), meaning *From the East*. Kinglake died in 1891.

5

Gaza is upon the verge of the desert, to which it stands in the same relation as a seaport to the sea. It is there that you *charter* your camels ("the ships of the desert") and lay in your stores for the voyage.

I had four camels, one for my baggage, one for each of 10 my servants, and one for myself. Four Arabs, the owners of the camels, came with me on foot. My stores were a small soldier's tent, two bags of dried bread brought from a convent at Jerusalem, two goat skins filled with water, some tea, sugar, a cold tongue, and (of all things in the 15 world) a jar of Irish butter purchased from some merchant. There was also a small sack of charcoal, for the greater part of the desert through which we were to pass is destitute of fuel.

The camel kneels to receive her load, and for a while 20 she will allow the packing to go on with silent resignation, but when she begins to suspect that her master is putting more than a just burden upon her poor hump, she turns her supple neck and looks sadly upon the increasing

load, and then gently remonstrates against the wrong with the sigh of a patient wife. If sighs will not move you, she can weep. You soon learn to pity and to love her for the sake of her gentle, womanish ways.

5 You cannot, of course, put a riding saddle upon the back of the camel, but your quilt or carpet is folded and fastened on the packsaddle upon the top of the hump, and on this you sit. I had my stirrups strapped to the crossbars of the packsaddle, and thus, by gaining rest for my dan-
10 gling legs, I added very much to my comfort.

The camel, like the elephant, is one of the old-fashioned sort of animals that still walk along upon the now nearly exploded plan of the ancient beasts that lived before the flood. She moves forward both her near legs at the same
15 time, and then awkwardly swings around her off shoulder and haunch, so as to repeat the maneuver on that side. Her pace, therefore, is an odd, disjointed, and disjoining sort of movement that is rather disagreeable at first, but you soon grow reconciled to it. The height to which you
20 are raised is of great advantage to you in passing the burning sands of the desert, for the air at such a distance from the ground is much cooler and more lively than that which circulates beneath.

For several miles beyond Gaza the land, which had been
25 plentifully watered by the rains of the last week, was covered with rich verdure, and thickly jeweled with meadow flowers so fresh and fragrant that I began to grow almost



uneasy — to fancy that the very desert was receding before me, and that the long-desired adventure was to end in a mere ride across a field. But as I advanced the true character of the country began to display itself with sufficient
 5 clearness to dispel my apprehensions, and before the close of my first day's journey I had the gratification of finding that I was surrounded on all sides by a tract of real sand and had nothing at all to complain of.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the
 10 desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs. Even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains and newly reared hills, and through valleys that the storm
 15 of the last week has dug, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again.

You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that remains for
 20 you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and for the first hour of the day he stands at your side. Then, for a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides
 25 overhead by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the

pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. But by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven and now softly touches your right arm and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you 5 look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses.

Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent. There is no living thing to dispute 10 your choice. . . .

After the fifth day of my journey I no longer traveled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level — a bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small, shining pebbles. There was no valley nor hollow, no hill, no mound by 15 which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change; I was still the very center of the round horizon; hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same, the same circle of flaming sky, the same circle of sand 20 still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the sun.

“He rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race: his going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto 25 the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.”

But on the eighth day there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as if it were sewn with diamonds. There, then, before me were
 5 the gardens and minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the desert, and my tent was pitched as usual, but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly toward the west without
 10 telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned; he had toiled on a graceful service. He had traveled all the way to the border of the living world, and brought me back for token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

15 The next day I entered upon Egypt and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green, wavy fields of rice, and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cool verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as if in deep rushing waters.

Abridged from *Eothen*

Gaza (gā'zā): a town of Palestine nearly fifty miles southwest of Jerusalem. For hundreds of years it has been a stopping place for caravans going from Syria to Egypt. — **near**: left (of a beast of burden); so called because next to the driver when he is on foot. — **off**: right (of a beast of burden); on the side away from the driver. — "**there is nothing hid from the heat thereof**": see Psalm xix.

SNOW-BOUND

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892), the Quaker poet of New England, ranks among the most famous of American verse writers.

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
 Sent out a dull and duller glow,
 The bull's-eye watch that hung in view, 5
 Ticking its weary circuit through,
 Pointed with mutely warning sign
 Its black hand to the hour of nine.
 That sign the pleasant circle broke :
 My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke, 10
 Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
 And laid it tenderly away;
 Then roused himself to safely cover
 The dull red brands with ashes over.
 And while, with care, our mother laid 15
 The work aside, her steps she stayed
 One moment, seeking to express
 Her grateful sense of happiness
 For food and shelter, warmth and health,
 And love's contentment more than wealth, 20
 With simple wishes (not the weak,
 Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
 But such as warm the generous heart,

O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
5 The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tossed,
The board-nails snapping in the frost ;
10 And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snowflakes fall,
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new ;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
15 Till in the summer land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
20 Of merry voices high and clear ;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
25 Shaking the snow from heads uptossed,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.

Before our door the straggling train
 Drew up, an added team to gain. . . .
 Then toiled again the cavalcade
 O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
 And woodland paths that wound between 5
 Low drooping pine boughs winter-weighed.
 From every barn a team afoot,
 At every house a new recruit. . . .
 So days went on : a week had passed
 Since the great world was heard from last. 10
 The Almanac we studied o'er,
 Read and reread our little store
 Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score ;
 One harmless novel, mostly hid
 From younger eyes, a book forbid ; . . . 15
 At last the floundering carrier bore
 The village paper to our door.
 Lo ! broadening outward as we read,
 To warmer zones the horizon spread. . . .
 We felt the stir of hall and street, 20
 The pulse of life that round us beat ;
 The chill embargo of the snow
 Was melted in the genial glow ;
 Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
 And all the world was ours once more ! 25

Abridged from *Snow-Bound*

embargo : a government order forbidding the departure of ships.

POETRY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894) was a distinguished author and physician. For fifty years he held his place as the poet and wit of Boston, and was admired by readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

NOTE. In *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* Dr. Holmes puts forth in 5 an informal and delightful fashion his views on a large variety of subjects.

I liked the turn the conversation had taken, for I had some things I wanted to say, and so, after waiting a minute, I began again:

I don't think the poems I read you sometimes can be
 10 fairly appreciated, given to you as they are in the green state. You don't know what I mean by the "green state". Well, then, I will tell you. Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept a long while and used. Of these I will name three,— meerschaum pipes, violins,
 15 and poems. The meerschaum comes to us without complexion or flavor, born of the sea foam, like Aphrodite, but colorless as *pallida Mors* herself. The fire is lighted in its central shrine, and gradually the juices which the broad leaves of the Great Vegetable had sucked up from
 20 an acre and curdled into a drachm are diffused through its thirsting pores. First a discoloration, then a stain, and at last a rich, glowing umber tint spreading over the whole surface. Nature, true to her old brown, autumnal

hue, you see, — as true in the fire of the meerschaum as in the sunshine of October !

Don't think I use a meerschaum myself, for I do not, and I do not advise you, young man, even if my illustration strike your fancy, to consecrate the flower of your life 5 to painting the bowl of a pipe, for, let me assure you, the stain of a reverie-breeding narcotic may strike deeper than you think. I have seen the green leaf of early promise grow brown before its time under such Nicotian regimen, and thought the umbered meerschaum was dearly bought 10 at the cost of a brain enfeebled and a will enslaved.

Violins, too, — the sweet old Amati! — the divine Stradivarius ! Played on by ancient *maestros* until the bow hand lost its power and the flying fingers stiffened. Bequeathed to the passionate young enthusiast who made it 15 whisper his inarticulate longings, and wail his monotonous despair. Passed from his dying hand to the cold *virtuoso*, who let it slumber in its case for a generation, till, when his hoard was broken up, it came forth once more and rode the stormy symphonies of royal orchestras, beneath 20 the rushing bow of their lord and leader. Into lonely prisons with improvident artists ; into convents from which arose, day and night, the holy hymns with which its tones were blended ; and back again to orgies in which it learned to howl and laugh as if a legion of devils were 25 shut up in it ; then again to the gentle *dilettante* who calmed it down with easy melodies until it answered him

softly as in the days of the old *maestros*. And so given into our hands, its pores all full of music, stained, like the meerschaum, through and through, with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have
 5 kindled and faded on its strings.

Now I tell you a poem must be kept and used, like a meerschaum, or a violin. A poem is just as porous as the meerschaum; the more porous it is, the better. I mean to say that a genuine poem is capable of absorbing an in-
 10 definite amount of the essence of our own humanity, — its tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its aspirations, so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary color derived from ourselves. So you see it must take time to bring the sentiment of a poem into harmony with
 15 our nature by staining ourselves through every thought and image our being can penetrate.

From *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*

meerschaum (mēr'shawm): a pipe made from a porous substance which will float on water. Hence its German name meaning "sea foam." — **Aphrodi'te**: Venus, the goddess of love, who, according to one legend, was born of the foam of the sea. — **pallida Mors** (pāl'īdā mōrs): pale death. — **Nicotian**: having to do with nicotine, the active principle of tobacco. — **umbered**: stained brown. — **Amati**: (ä mǎ'tī) and **Stradivarius**: famous Italian violin makers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their violins are highly prized to-day. — **maestro** (mǎ äs'trō): a master in music. — **virtuoso** (vēr tū ō'sō): a collector of curiosities; sometimes, a skilled musician. — **dilettante**: one who follows some art for amusement only.

THE POETS

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY (1844-1881) was a British poet.

NOTE. The wonderful part played by the Song of the Marseillaise in the French Revolution is an illustration of the poet's meaning. The dream of a composer inspired a spirit of liberty which led to the overthrow of a kingdom.

5

We are the music makers,
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,
 Wandering by lone sea breakers
 And sitting by desolate streams,
 World-losers and world-forsakers 10
 On whom the pale moon gleams,
 Yet we are the movers and shakers
 Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful, deathless ditties
 We build up the world's great cities, 15
 And out of a fabulous story
 We fashion an empire's glory ;
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
 And three with a new song's measure 20
 Can trample a kingdom down.

We in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself in our mirth ;
 5 And o'erthrew them with prophesying
 To the old of the new world's worth ;
 For each age is a dream that is dying
 Or one that is coming to birth.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 10 Sails the unshadowed main, —
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 15 Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.
 Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 20 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed, —
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through, 5
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn! 10
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
 sings:— 15

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, 20
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Siren : a sea nymph who lured sailors to destruction by her singing. —
Triton : one of the Greek sea gods who was supposed to blow a shell trumpet
 to soothe the waves.

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